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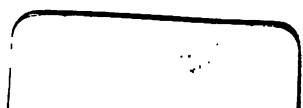
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The Rev. L. Cooper
from the Author
July 1840

THE HAND OF GOD:

A FRAGMENT.

AND

Other Poems.

BY

Edw. A. Inaine

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

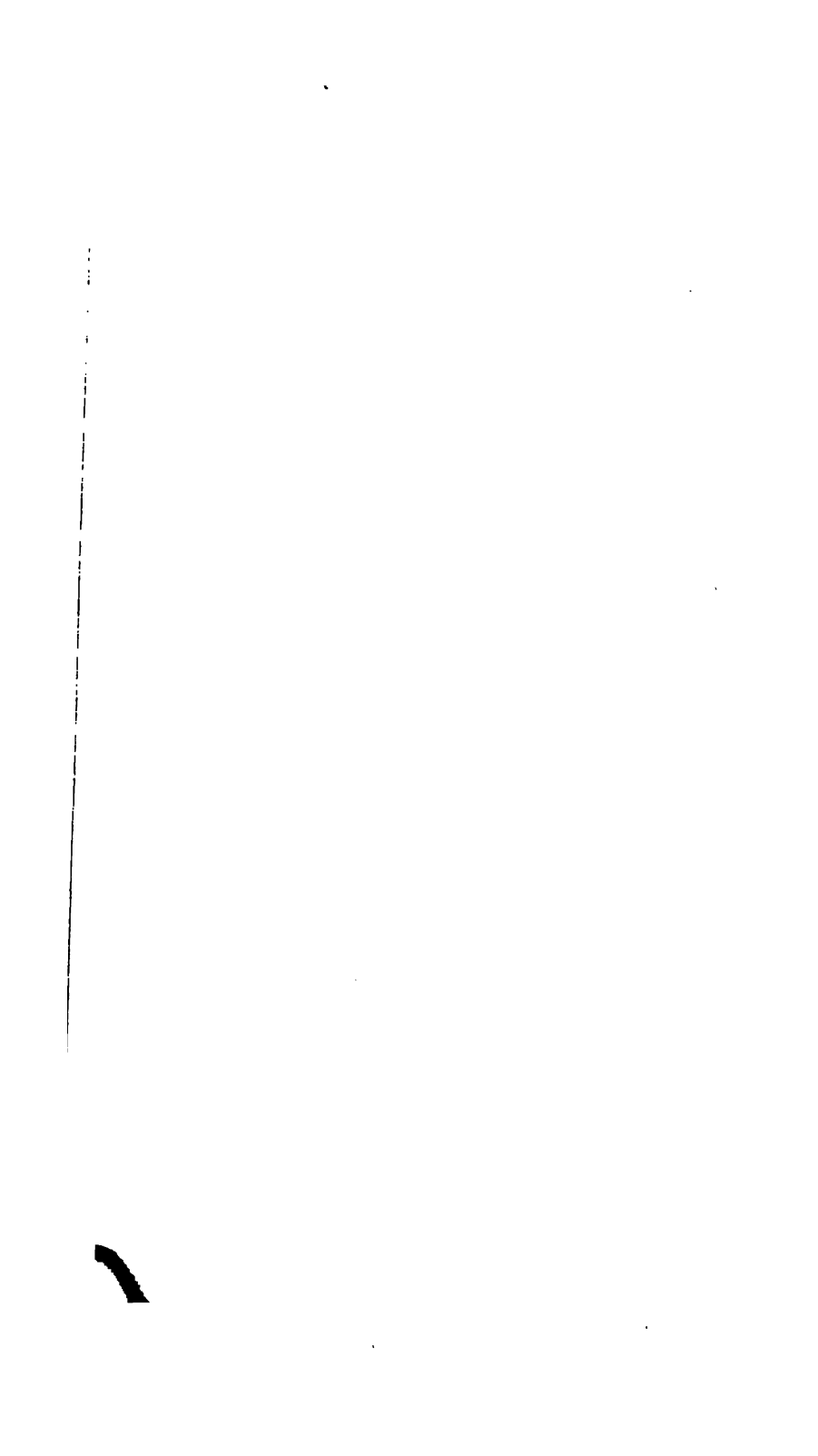


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MECCXXXIX.

280 . i . 549 .



MY BELOVED RELATIVES AND FRIENDS,

It has often happened that the disappointment of lofty aims has proved the value and endeared the solaces of friendship; and this even where the aspirant has had no reason to accuse himself of folly in his pursuits. It is in the nature of mankind to attempt much, and he who, being weak, attempts great things, can but fail. Happy for him if, in such a case, conscience reprove not, and he can say—although I cannot give to the big world anything that would be deemed worthy of its gratitude, there are those in it who will welcome, for the giver's sake, an offering of little cost—if I cannot succeed in the great, I may in the less!

You all know my speculative turn. My much study has been a weariness to my flesh, while the result has been as nothing. However it came to pass at length, that I really thought myself nearly prepared to give something to society, for which it might be the better—and truly my heart is in heaviness for its manifold need—but

I cannot make up my mind. It is *one* thing to publish to a criticising world, at some risque too of misleading it, if not by false sentiments, yet by ill-management;—and *another* to say to one's own dear Friends—I love you, and can trust your love. I say *this*, and this only, in getting printed (not published) for your own kind eyes, the following, at least harmless, selections from my smaller sundries. In resolving to do this, I seem to have found some refuge from the consciousness of doing nothing. The matters presented to your notice are indeed of no pretensions, but it will suffice for *you* that, being what they are, they are also *mine*. If I thought them quite unworthy in themselves to be submitted to the eye of Wisdom, I would not venture to obtrude them even upon *you*. Why should I? Your kindest acceptance without your approbation, would leave me still unsatisfied, still unsuccessful; for, much as I am cheered at all times by kindliness, I am—what shall I say?—too proud? No! too just to care for the praise drawn forth by merely good intentions. (Far be it from your unhappy fate to be exposed to *all* the obtrusions that good *intentions* might involve!) I do

hope the varieties offered will be found to convey some good, some useful sentiments. No one can be more fully aware than I am that to *publish* them would have been presumptuous. No one would see more clearly than I do, that the good or useful in them is garlanded by *humble* flowers, if flowers at all. But such as they are, I am yet not ashamed that a few, very few copies, all distributed under my own jealousy, should thus appear. I believe, indeed, and this has mainly determined me, that I am but meeting the desires of several who have seen in manuscript much of what is here given in print, and who will say—"this is just what we wished for." Accept, then, my dear Friends, this memento of one who is often cast down, because, with strong desires to accomplish something of more importance, that is to say, of more general *use*, he has hitherto done almost next to nothing; but who is consoled in some measure by the assurance that he is now making an acceptable, however lowly, offering. When I am gone, it may shew to some now very young, that the writer loved Truth, and would fain have commended it to the love, pursuit, and practice of those who came within

his sphere; and it may thus add to other, better, and more efficient, impulses to virtue, the stimulus of example in their own immediate connexion. Farewell! beloved—may we meet in heaven!

Your's in heart,

E. S.

Stanwell,

1839.



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THE HAND OF GOD.

"I will teach you by the hand of God."—JOB.

Oh! Word of wondrous import! hallow'd NAME
Of Essence secret, *infinite!*—*the same*—
All eye, all ear, all perfect—at whose nod
Creation boweth to its centre!—GOD!
Dread name! which sinners, yet, unaw'd, can hear,
And rev'rend—yet too little saints revere:
Oh! wondrous word for all of great, or good
Untold!—how erringly art thou constru'd!

Delusion reigns—her banner wide unfurl'd,
And, lo! beneath it dreams a fever'd world,
While nameless phantasies, on ev'ry hand,
Uprise, obedient to her magic wand;
And on men dream, of all they wish should be,
And all they wildly wish presume they see.
Some see a God, that heeds not aught they do,
And fondly hope their visionings are true;
And some a God whose smiles, *capricious*, fall,
And some a God who smiles alike on all.
And some there are—(for them, oh! harp arise!
Awake and chase the phantom from their eyes!) 20
Who see a God that cares for, guides, controls,
And rules all worlds except the world of souls;
A God whose notice earth and ocean share,
And all things else, except a mortal's care—

The turmoil, conflicts, sorrows, sins of life,
A chance wrought web of unregarded strife!
So dream they on till, vanish'd what has *seem'd*,
They see Him as He is, and find they dream'd.
Pride, Passion, Prejudice,—enchanters foul!
Deep have they drank of your Circean bowl;
And forms of priestcraft, superstition, lust,
Have seem'd to them “the wisdom of the just.”
But thou, Philosophy! that *thou* shouldst cheat,
That *thou* shouldst stoop to dignify deceit,
That thou shouldst turn thee, like a fretful child,
From sacred truth, by prejudice beguil'd;
Reject His light, and substitute thine own,
To make the INFINITE Creator known,—
That thou, obtruding a sufficeless ray,
Shouldst vex the midnight with the cry of “Day!” 40
How wilt thou dash the stigma from thy name,
Which marks thy knavery, or deplumes thy fame?
Truth, sweetly welling, proffers to thine eye
The stream thou scornest to believe so nigh;
For who shall bend the idolizing knee,
That once hath tasted of that stream, to thee?
’Tis *thou* must bend—untyrannized till then,
The idol and the enemy of men;
Till then a Moloch with consuming arms
For all sweet hopes and sanative alarms;
Till then, tho’ nature’s secrets thou reveal,
Himself, the INFINITE, enshrouded still;
And tho’ thou makest music in the spheres,
Thy notes of God discordant in His ears;—
Till then, tho’ lovely, like a cloud at even,
Thy beauty fades as it approaches heaven.

The Priest of Nature! see him, self-ordain'd,
 Nor ask his worship, if sincere, or feign'd,
 For what avails the sacrifice, tho' real,
 The heavens regardless, and the God ideal? 60
 Sincere or not himself, his foll'wers lie
 Launched on the perils of idolatry;
 Of home, peace, refuge, heavenly hope bereft,
 The simple truth for gorgeous falsehood left,
 Had *he* been wise, or not assumed to be,
They had not ventured on that dismal sea;
 Had never dreamt them of a God too great
 To note *the trifles of a mortal's fate*,—
 A God too busy'd in His works to scan
 The wants, the sorrows, and the sins of man;
 A God too blest in empyrean light,
 To pierce the darkness and be infinite!
 And are they happy?—Whither shall they go
 When sorrows deluge? To their guide? Ah! no:
 He points them only to a hateful cure—
 The grave—and bids them patiently endure.
 To God? 'Twere folly in the last extreme
 To think heaven's Majesty will stoop to them.
 Not thus the simple pupil of the skies,
 By truth led forth from "refuges of lies;" 80
 His trust in God, his hope fast rooted there,
 He hangs o'er billowy griefs without despair.
 So, fearless, smiles the flow'ret from the verge
 Of some high cliff, upon the rampant surge!

"Where is thy God?" the taunting scoffer cries;
 Where thine is not, the suffering saint replies;
 Present to help in trouble, and to bless
 By what thou deem'st fortuitous distress,

And 'fruits of righteousness,' ere long, will prove
These woes were special messengers of love.
Behold all nature lovely to the eye!
A sun bright beaming and a spotless sky;
Beauty and plenty so pervade the scene,
'Twere hard to say if this or that were queen.
But, mark! all heaven blackens! and the form
Of nature shudders at the rising storm!
Her beauty withers at the lightning's flash,
Her music hushes at the thunder's crash:
Her charms—where are they? each enchantment dies
Beneath the horrors of the scowling skies! 100
But should I now, with atheistic lips,
Ask, 'where is God, to suffer this eclipse?
Where, thus to let the rude commotion jar
His own creation and her features mar?'
Wouldst thou not chide my ignorance, and say,
That God thus proved the wisdom of His sway?
Talk of the air, with fever in its breath,
Purg'd by the tempest from the gales of death?
Of ocean, else the parent of disease,—
The filth of nations brooding in its seas,—
Taught by the storm to bear upon its waves
The boon of health to ev'ry shore it laves?
Of blights prevented by the lightning's power?
Of harvests nourish'd by the genial shower?
Wouldst thou not point me, when the storm had fled,
To ev'ry flow'r that rear'd its beauteous head?
Bid me behold the gaily blushing fruit,
Freed from the worm that fed upon its root?
To catch the rising odours that pervade
The freshened verdure of the fragrant glade? 120

Then own the self-same spirit was abroad,
Alike when all was peace and when the tempest
warr'd?

And canst thou, charg'd with reasonings so just,
Believe that trouble riseth from the dust?
And less comports with a benign decree
Than show'rs commission'd to refresh a *tree*?
Shall He who sends the raging tempest forth,
On mercy's errand to the peccant earth,
Without design, let sorrow's sting invade
Their happiness for whom the earth was made?
And hath "The only Wise" in all design'd
No moral good, no culture of the mind,
No virtuous seed more deeply planted here?
No vicious weed eradicated there?
No pride subdued? no haughtiness abased?
No soul enlightened? no delusion chased?
And doth the world's long catalogue of woe,
The *errors*, only, of its Ruler show?
Ah! hasty reas'ner! think thou, can it be?
Go, search the chronicle of woe and see! 140
Bears it the record of some heart of steel,
Which not the fiercest furnace could anneal?
Some mind whose chambers trouble could not reach,
Clos'd to the lessons sorrow came to teach?
Those lessons scorn'd, those warnings so refused,
At least have left the rebel inexcused,
And thus hath heaven vindicated still
The just procedure of its righteous will.
Or does the melancholy page disclose
Some victim, sunk beneath the weight of woes,

Urged by the frantic folly of despair,
 To drown in crime remembrance of his care?
 Or tell of some whose suicidal will
 Sought lawless freedom from allotted ill?
 All these no more the argument advance,
 That good and evil are dispens'd by chance,
 Than yonder oak, just riven by the ball,
 Which, else, had bade some nobler victim fall.
Here thou canst recognise the power divine,
 And here perceive transcendent wisdom shine, 160
 With rapturous eye the providence admire,
 That gave direction to the livid fire,
 And taught the forest to invite the dart
 Which, winged at random, might have pierced thine
 heart;
 Or laid, perhaps, at one consuming blow,
 The ripening promise of the harvest low.

But is that Wisdom manifested less
 When some, permitted, sink beneath distress?
 Distress not greater than the mind might bear,
 Nor gendering, of necessity, despair;
 But made the woe "which worketh death" alone,
 Thro' faults exclusively the sufferer's own.

Sorrow, sin's first-born, heaven would fain employ
 In righteous parricide, and sin destroy;
 If man, rebellious, frustrate the intent,
 'Tis just that man abide by the event;
 Still undisturbed remains the gen'ral plan,
That grief subserve the happiness of man;
 Not less the ruler of the earth benign,
 If men oppose, or bow to the design. 180

With sorrow's tears, God mingles peaceful seed,
 And he who blights must answer for the deed;
 Consulting, in His care, the good of *all*,
 Some of the millions who resist Him, fall,
 And, like scath'd branches of a tree, record
 "The *goodness* and *severity* of God!"

But turn thee now to where that gentle mien,
 That look so pensive and yet so serene,
 Seem, like a flower beneath a peaceful sky,
 The recent rain drop trembling in its eye.
 List to his converse,—serious, yet free,
 Where meekness, wisdom, truth and love agree.
 Hear him advise—the counsel that he brings
 Clear as the nectar from the deepest springs.
 Mark well his conduct—tho' it dare not claim
 Perfection, yet perfection in its aim.
 Upright, yet humble, modest, tho' sincere,
 When others fall, reproving with a tear.
 Laments some mourner o'er departed bliss,
 Behold if there be sympathy like his? 200
 A heart so warm, so sensitive to feel,
 A hand so firm and yet so apt to heal.
 When peace surrounds, and plenty's cup is given,
 Whose heart so thankfully ascends to heaven?
 Who tastes his pleasures with so true a joy?
 Whose pleasures less embitter'd with alloy?
 If sorrow darken round his earthly lot,
 Behold him meekly bow, yet shrinking not!
 Why thus collected? wherefore mov'd no more?
 The elements have mingled o'er his head before.
 This is the man whose early life the scene
 Where sorrow's wildest revelry hath been,

And past in deepest fellowship with sighs,
 Hath furnish'd lessons which have made him wise:
 Now firm he stands, familiar with the blast,
 Whose rough assaults before have fix'd his roots so fast.

"But is the picture true? Yet, if it were,
 "Of what avails *one* specimen, tho' fair?
 "Adduce as well the transient meteor's light,
 "To prove how glorious each successive night; 220
 "But no!—unless the counterpart I saw,
 "I deem untrue the portraiture you draw;—
 "Or true,—a product, like the meteor's rays,
 "By some strange chance converging in a blaze,
 "Offspring of causes never to recur,
 "It proves just nothing—therefore I demur."

Ah! so it is that truth is oft repelled,
 And reason by her parasites expelled.
 Philosophy that should be patient, mild,
 Deep in research, yet docile as a child,
 Becomes impatient, and research forsakes,
 Soon as some fondly cherish'd dogma quakes.
 Say, is it not so? Were a meteor seen
 Once only, by the world, since time had been,
 Would science fail its origin to ask,
 Or waive the bold investigator's task?
 And once its causes settled, should they prove
 Such as its mightiest agencies could move,
 Would *then* philosophy (were no great ill,
 Risk'd by the trial of its curious skill,) 240
 Inquire, "what good?" and, waiting for reply,
 Bid bold experiment stand listless by?

But more—suppose beneath that meteor's course,
Its track attested some prolific force,
And marked a kindly influence to cheer
Wastes into gardens through its blest career,
Would not philanthropy lift up her voice,
Science give ear, and barrenness rejoice?
Yet here a bright phenomenon appears,
That charity might smile at through her tears;
Philanthropy, that weeps o'er human woe,
Contemplate till her tears forgot to flow;
And potent science, could she but create,
Had reached the affluence of full estate.
Yet proudly glancing with a frigid eye,
She coldly asks, and negatives reply,
“But is the picture true?” Believe, or no,
We answer—yes! its prototypes we know.
But were there none, the fact would but reflect
To man's discredit for his worst neglect; 260
Neglect, not guilty of, his face should wear
Sweet peace where often now it speaks despair;
And heav'n that prodigy less rarely see,
Which now philosophy e'en doubts can be,—
True peace the tenant of a human breast,
The fruit of tears, the germ of endless rest!
Yes! were it true, peace seldom found a throne
In hearts where grief's wild warfare has been known,
The fact would only, to his shame, record
Proud man's rejection of his Maker's word—
That word, the Bible—destined to impart
Life to his soul, and solace to his heart.
The Bible—treasury of solid bliss,
Its truths and principles the springs of peace.

The Bible—whose divinity believed,
Its author loved, its sentiments received,
Would arm in grief and fortify the mind
To bear and profit by the roughest wind,
And prove that evil, under heaven's controul,
Was oft-times heaven's best blessing to the soul. 280
Blest book of wonders! would thy pow'r were known
Wherever cares oppress, or mourners moan!
'Twas feigned that beauty from the ocean rose,
Sweet peace thou bringest from a flood of woes;
But how evok'd, and what its nature is,
And how convey'd, and how receiv'd the bliss,
So that the heart, ere while, involv'd in night,
Beams forth, relum'd, a heart more pure, more bright,
The spirit which had drooped, now breathes, renew'd,
Its thanks for sorrow, and esteems it "good,"—
We say not yet—first pass we on to know
The bitter root whence human sorrows grow.
Suffice it here to hail, foreseen, the day,
When, where the poison spreads, the balm shall sway,
The tree of healing branch on ev'ry shore,
And all the sad, reviv'd, be sad no more! 296

PART II.

THE ORIGIN OF SORROW.

Thick darkness curtain'd slumbering Galilee,
And storms were murmur'ring o'er Tiberias' sea;
A bark was there, its freight a weary crew,
Mocked by the tempest as it wilder grew.
In vain they toiled upon the billowy tide,
And vainly strove to gain Capernaum's side.
The hostile winds refused their aid to waft,
And ev'ry gust but seemed a fiend that laugh'd.
'Twas such a night as makes the awe-struck ear,
Howe'er unwont, attend the voice of fear;
As casts a spell upon the shuddering sight,
And vests ev'n nothingness with forms to fright;
Subdues man's pride, and gives his boasted mind
A passive plaything to the wanton wind!
Deep called to deep—each call a dying groan
Of anguish seem'd, prelude of their own;
But hark! they shriek, and horror, at its height,
Faints at the crowning terror of the night.
“Behold a spectre!” cries each faltering tongue,
And echoing winds the cry “a spectre!” sung. 20

The life-blood chills and checks the lab'ring breath,
 And agony alone preserves from death.
 For true it seem'd—amid the briny dash,
 The thunders roll and lurid lightning's flash,
 A man-like form appear'd where nature said
 No mortal foot the yielding path might tread.
 But vain their fear—it *was* a man, tho' *more*,
 And when *He* said, "'tis I,"—their fears were o'er;
 The dreaded foe their best, their ablest friend,
 The bark He enters and their troubles end.
 Mad ocean slept, and, dying on its breast,
 The winds the presence of their God confest;
 By impulse strange, more swift than light they glide,
 And straight their ship has gain'd the wish'd-for side.

As *then*, so *now*,—his breast the drear abode
 Of ev'ry fear, save one—the fear of God—
 Man shrinks dismay'd when threat'ning clouds impend,
 Nor stops to think the cloud may hide a friend.
 But would he dare its spectral gaze to meet,
 In trouble's form his eye a friend should greet, 40
 The look he fears like fabled Gorgon's head,
 Will petrify his shivering frame with dread,
 Would fortify, not chill, and round him throw
 A mighty Ægis in the fight of woe!

Then, child of sorrow! when the storm beats high,
 Beware lest Jesus pass unnoticed by.
 He, He alone thy found'ring bark can save,
 And bear thee, harmless, o'er the yawning wave;
 The moment lost—no pilot at the helm,—
 The next, engulfing death may overwhelm,

And that same storm, 'mid hopeless grief's wild yell,
That might have borne to heaven, may plunge to
hell!

But cease monition till our task be done,
And tracked the mazes erring mortals run.
Man starts at shadows, trembles at a breath,
And runs, thro' fear of dying, into death.
Now is there nothing of perversion here?
Nor strange in all this tyranny of fear?
When God gave nature being, was it given,
This fear that shuns the delegate of heaven? 60
Ye wise men! say, ye sages! make it plain,
Or let the wisdom of your sires explain.
Go, search their records, every volume scan,
And see if Plato, or if Tully can.
Reject the Bible, and, if e'er she come
Where, scorn'd, the "lively oracles" are dumb,
To REASON'S venerated fane repair,
And seek solution of the secret there.
With scrutiny severe *her* book explore,
The book of nature—con its pages o'er;
This, say ye, *and no other book reveals*
The God of nature, or His truth unseals:
Here all is open, palpable, and clear;
Well! be it so,—now tell us whence this fear.
What saith the clear intelligible page?
The ancient what, or what the modern sage?
That heaven's kind prescience of the lot of man,
With care prepenes and all-embracing plan,
Infixes it in his heart, as watcher there,
To warn of peril and detect each snare? 80

No! this was caution, like an angel near,
 But whence, I ask, this soul-oppressing fear?
 Heaven thrones not tyrants—'tis the tyrant's bane,
 But fear is tyrannous and gluts in pain:
 Waits not, like caution, till some harm be nigh,
 But falsely portents like a summer sky.

Say ye such dangers human crime hath sown,
 That lovely caution into fear hath grown?
 'Tis well—thus reason and experience teach,
 And heaven's own dictates and conclusions reach:
 And thus would reason constantly be found
 In harmony with truth, were reason sound.
 Yes! man has sinn'd—the secret this, and source
 Of all the terrors that beset his course.
 'Tis this that arms his conscience with a dart,
 That drinks the life-blood of his quiv'ring heart,
 That peoples solitude with spectred hosts,
 And throngs the darkness with imagin'd ghosts;
 Clothes death with dread, eternity with woe,
 And all unfits the soul to stay, or go! 100

But reason's line is out, and still remains
 A depth which, fathom'd not, all lost her pains.
 For tell me nought save fear is sin evolved,—
 Darkness yet broods o'er mysteries unsolved;
 Still crime and sorrow stalk the groaning earth,
 Consociate monsters of problematic birth.
 I ask, whence came they? and when first began
 Sad earth to feel their desolating ban?
 When first did life with passion overcast,
 And lovely caution wither in the blast,

Lose all her beauty and the hag assume,
 Muttering of danger and of coming doom?
 Were men created vicious?—Long ago
 Revolting reason, replicant, said no!
 And sang of years, the joyous youth of time,
 An age without alloy of woe, or crime,
 When all the days dissolv'd in nights of peace—
 And from each night emerg'd a day of bliss.
 Thus poets sang, nor ventur'd to disown
 Their melody was but a borrow'd tone; 120
 A note not struck upon invention's lyre,
 But caught, successively, by son from sire,—
 The echo of celestial truth's sweet voice,
 The heart's vibration at reverber'd joys!

Was man so feeble that he fell of course?
 Then, blameless in his fall, he fell perforce.
 And this wreck'd world that bears upon its prow
 The marks of majesty—dismantled now—
 Whence the disorder of its gallant form?
 And whence the tempest that could so deform?

Oh! endless questions that distract the brain!
 The more pursued, the more pursuit seems vain.
 Perplexed and baffled, e'en the sage "divine,"*
 Sighs o'er the dark abyss for heaven to shine.

Wide spreads the waste; a hazy light around;
 Revealed the desert, but concealed its bound:
 No beam benignant pours a lenient ray,
 Nor aught appears to mark the pilgrim's way—

* Plato, called 'the divine Plato.'

Behold him!—'tis the man whom reason brings
To brave the myst'ries of supernal things. 140

Unasked her aid to shew the world's defects,
He knows and feels them by their dire effects:
But when he questions for the moving cause,
She bids him gather it from 'nature's laws,'
Nor Titan s'whelm'd beneath their mountain bed,
Provoked a mightier burthen on their head.
Now summon'd to his view, the world presents
Its modes, conditions, populace, events.
Such love and wisdom crowd upon his eye,
Tho' like the studdings of the darkling sky,
Immixed the scene—his spirit is impress'd
That all is subject to a high behest;
A power, in will, in wisdom, and in might,
Arrayed to govern, and to govern right.—
Tasked by the problem of apparent ill,
Conjecture proves his poverty of skill,
And being's Author with the things that be,
He deems at variance of *necessity*;
That imperfection scowls upon the scene,
Because it *could* not otherwise have been; 160
That heav'n had made all perfect if it could,
But stern necessity its will withstood,
And laws efficient for the common weal,
Must sometimes operate in partial ill.

Then weep, yea weep, ye hope divested band!
Swept the fair prospect of a blissful land,
The prophet's vision and the poet's theme,
'Tis all illusion—HEAVEN is a dream:

To form a region from defection free,
Defies Omnipotence, it *cannot* be!

False note of reasoning that has widely err'd!
Absurdly false, and impiously absurd!
A God compelled! Omnipotence at bay!
A night projected by the light of day!
And ~~man~~, of dire necessity, immersed
In guilt, and, guilty, destin'd to be cursed!
Hark! heaven repels it—listen to its voice,
Be wise and listen—listen and rejoice!
“His work is perfect—God is good—and reigns
'Mid seeming anarchy and slighted pains! * 180
He made man upright, unconstrain'd and free,
The joyous creature of sweet liberty;
But, free, at option, if he chose, to have
A yoke, if offer'd, and to be a slave:
Free still to bask him in the sunny ray
Of heaven's bright favour, or to shun the day.
But error *will'd* its anger *must* incur,
God *must* be righteous, tho' all less may err.
The creature free, yet liable, tho' free,
To Him who made,—or God would cease to be.

See, beautiful and blest, our Father stand!
Earth, air, and ocean, waiting his command.
His blessedness God's gift, his God his Friend,
Sustainer of his bliss which, else, must end;—
Yet, weep, oh, earth! yea, thou hast wept the day,
And air and ocean! ye have howled dismay,—

* Deut. xxxii. 4, Ps. c. 5—cxlv. 9. Heb. i. 8, Ps. xcvi. 1, 2, Lam. iii. 33, 34.

From freedom's fire in Eden's sacred grove,
 He snatch'd a burning brand, and dared that God of
 love!

Then died the Son of Liberty, self-slain,
 A serf, henceforth, with self-invested chain. 200
 From heaven revolted, to himself he bows,
 And pays the homage of his truant vows,
 And Gods innumerable exalts beside,
 The monstrous idols of his senseless pride.

But God, the true God, did He not withdraw?
 Ah! yes—where else the honor of His law?
 He did; and, turning, every band was burst
 That held earth's harmony—the earth was curst.—
 And now, a broken shell, with hideous din,
 Marred nature tells the dissonance of *sin*:
 Unnumbered perils all around appear,
 And every glance descries some ill to *fear*.

Thus saith the Bible—other witness where,
 That so the test of scrutiny may dare?
 What rival oracle a note hath given
 So like the sober verity of heaven?
 And tho', allowing mystery remains,
 'Twere idle, with the poison in thy veins,
 To spend on questions what may gain a cure,—
 Inquire the *antidote*, and *that* secure. 220
 Enough to know what reason can but know,
 From power to sin sin's direst ills might flow,
 Nor cause beyond for human fall need be,
 That man to stand or fall at will was free.

Why freedom such imparted?—this to ask
Were to arraign the Infinite to task.

That man is fallen who may contravene?
The sceptic cannot, for the *proofs* are seen.
A world in ruins lies within his view,
And conscience tells him *he* is fallen too,
And fallen, guilty—nor to man alone—
But guilty to some great, indefinite unknown.
Dread truth and hated—hence the boisterous swell
That founders many a soul with “all is well.”
But yet, tho’ hated, every system rears
Confession published in its hopes and fears,
From that which glimmers in the polar sea,
To India’s blood-fire of idolatry.
All, all avow it—but a refuge, none
A safe, sure refuge can direct, save *one*. 240
That one the Bible!—Come then, blessed page!
And all the agony of doubt assuage.
Come, tell me why, when ingrate man rebell’d,
The flaming bolt of vengeance was withheld—
For vengeance none, then sin was no offence,
God’s law was nothing and without defence.
Sin must have anger’d,—what, then, stay’d the blow?
Such mercy was it as fond mothers shew,
That deprecates a father’s wrath, and rears
A shameful covert by its woman tears,
Extorting ill-judged pardon for the child,
Yet unrepentant and with sin defil’d,
While, more impetuous for the rule condemn’d,
The tide of disobedience flows unstemm’d?

No! Mercy pleaded from the heart of God,
But Truth severe upon His brow abode,
And, unavenged, her interceding breath
Would dim its lustre with the damps of death—
The death of Truth—and drive the Holy One,
No more the holy, from his baseless throne. 260

Still Mercy pleaded, nor could heaven repel,
But how her suit might triumph only heaven could
tell.

Should generous Angel offer to sustain
The load of guilt, the penalty of pain,
All unavailing were the purpos'd deed,
Since heaven determines it is man must bleed.
Beside, if Angel could forego his birth,
Be changed to man and die like things of earth,
Allege exemption from the law's demands,
Transfer his merit to the debtor's hands,
And bear the vengeance in the rebel's stead,
Could justice pour its vengeance on *his* head?
Impossible! yet guiltless blood alone,
And blood of man, can man's offence atone!
Dark problem this!—to set the rebel clear,
The law unyielding and no victim near;
Or near, inadequate; or adequate for man,
Yet still unsuited to a righteous plan.
For what are angels to creative power?
A thousand myriads produce of an hour! 280
Victims, tho' willing, made so if *He* will,
Who rules alike the torrent and the rill!
And therefore victims that should strike no awe,
Nor shed one ray of glory on the law:

No more that law arrayed with Sinai's flame,
 No more a comment on the sacred name;
 Henceforth the hope of rebels had been found,—
 'If sin ask vengeance, substitutes abound.'
 Then sin had triumphed, and its bitter rod
 Had scourg'd eternally the universe of God!

One way alone to compass every end,
 Heaven's truth, man's happiness, sin's death,
 remain'd.

But that so recondite, so deep concealed,
 No mind had dreamt it had not heaven revealed;
 Or, seeing it, had ventured to propose,
 E'vn in the prospect of eternal woes—
 If man *must* die, unless some sacrifice
 Avert the wrathful fury of the skies,
 And yet, altho' no sacrifice there be,
 To save 'in righteousness' be God's decree,
 Give ear, oh! heaven! oh! earth! be fill'd with awe,—
The Judge Himself must vindicate His law,
Yield to the flashings of its kindled ire,
And quench, in man's behalf, its treasur'd fire!

And, lo! the Godhead stoops!—th' eternal Word
 Of no repute becomes, tho' nature's Lord!
 In servile form enshrin'd by wondrous birth,
 He walks, declar'd "the Son of God," on earth!
 The sinner's substitute, condemn'd He stands,
 And dies, self-offer'd to His own demands;
 As man, for man a fitting sacrifice;
 As God, a victim of sufficient price;

Thus mingling truth in sweet embrace with love,
And "making peace" below and peace above!

So, as the dew-cup from its trodden bed,
Woody by the breeze, revives its sunken head,
Man once again the smile of Hope may wear,
Hope bright as dismal, else, had been despair;
Deep as his guilt that Hope's strong basis found,
And high as God's own holiness its bound. 320

Retasked to trial, as before he fell,—
Death in abeyance—in abeyance hell,—
Probationer again, his soul may rise,
And aim at *life eternal* for its prize!
But yet, probationers,—the subjects still
Of life's mutations, chequered good and ill,
The sons of men are born to varied woe,
As sparks fly upward from their fires below,—
So wisdom bade that *time's* eventful scroll
Might teach while long *eternity* should roll,
And every claim and every end obtain
Its due adjustment in the wondrous chain.
Like Adam, ere he fell,—nor more nor less
In nature or in task, save that distress
Once entered, hath enlarged its flood of cares,
And sin, more widely spread, hath spread new snares;
Probationers, free-willed—sick, wretched, poor,
The means of health, peace, honor at their door,—
From sorrow's flame their issues not a spark,
But heaven intends it to illumine the dark; 340
A torch in mercy to the wanderer given,
To chase obscurities concealing heaven!

The gracious purpose in the court above,
To fill our world again with truth and love !

Hail ! book of God, that bids the cloud depart,
Which, else, had sat for ever on the heart,
Involved and rayless, hopeless of relief,
Beset with mysteries—and itself the chief,—
Its dark surmisings and its chilling fears,
Its glimmering hopes, its palpitating cares,
Its thousand workings of embattled fires,
Conflicting passions and unwill'd desires.
Hail ! book of God ! Blest gospel of His grace !
Gift of His love, and reflex of His face !
Not Israel's sage on Pisgah's top entranced,
As o'er the promis'd land his vision glanced,
So fair and full a prospect might command,
Of Canaan's milk-and-honey-flowing land ;
As he, who from thy loftier height surveys,
May gather of *that* world—*his Maker's ways* ! 360
Here, plains of beauty, rivers of delight,
Bold rocks of majesty and hills of might ;
Dark ocean-depths and rolling floods are there,—
The cloud, the sun-shine—but the whole, how fair !
Fixed on this eminence, the soul abroad
May look, nor doubt the rectitude of God.
The sinew'd mind regale its healthful eye,
Throughout the complex scene with harmony,—
Splendour by shadows, smiles by tears subdu'd,
But, like the nascent earth,—*all* “ very good ;”
Promise and pledge of an approaching day,
When sighs shall cease and tears be wip'd away,

And men, illum'd, to God, their source, aspire,
Resemble, love, and commerce with their sire !

It comes ! I see it,—nor the time afar !
It comes ! I see its antecedent star !
Its beams are rising, and, full-risen, soon
TRUTH in its glory shall attain its noon,
Evil depart, the reign of *good* begin,
And cease at once the being and the fruits of sin !

PART III.

"I form the light and create darkness: I make peace and create evil :
I, the Lord, do all these things."—Isaiah.

Young morn is heir to gloomy empress night ;
Death the dark path-way to celestial light ;
The last sad sigh to earth and nature given
The spirit's prelude to the hymns of heaven.
The mazy hues that mingle in the loom,
Confused no more, shall soon in order bloom.
The dizzy colors of the circling wheel,
Beheld distinctly, shew an artist's skill.
And yon mix'd crowd, perplex'd, of man and steed,
The graceful homage to a victor's meed.
Thus light and order still, as nature's soul,
Pervade all being and connect the whole.
And so the shades that darken o'er our way,
With all the woes of earth, shall pass away,
And choirs above explain why here below
So oft was heard the plaintive note of woe ;
Resolve the myst'ries that beset our road,
And shew in all the ruling hand of God,
The world's wild throng, disorder'd as may seem,
Mankind in homage to the Great Supreme.
Door of my hope ! and refuge from despair !
That *all things hasten to adjustment fair*—
Despoiled of this, its best and broadest shield,
The spirit flies defenceless o'er the field,

Nor refuge finds, except that *last* it be
 Of wilder'd souls—the atheist's reverie !
 HE reigns—the same who left the heavens to *prove*
 His *truth* unbending, infinite His *love*.
 And, reigning He,—tho' clouds himself surround,
 The sceptre *must* be just, the throne unsullied found.

Above the flood that, else, on men would burst,
 And bear them all where all past hope are curst,
 HE reigns, and rides the foaming billow's crest,
 And guides, compels, or stills its rage to rest.
 Behold the tokens of His righteous sway,
 In JUDGMENT first—

* * * * *

The preceding Poem was projected and in great part written somewhere about the year 1821. It is now many years since the last lines were added, and feeling tolerably certain that I shall never bring myself to finish it, I give it as it is, presuming that my friends would rather have it even thus, than that it should be entirely withheld.

Smaller Poems.

CONTENTMENT.

1816.

“ True riches ! where, oh ! where do ye reside ?
“ For if the whole that’s under heaven
“ Were into my possession given,
“ I feel my heart would still be riven
“ With sighs of wants and wishes unsupply’d !”

Thus, as I mourn’d, embittering the rod,
Appeared a more than mortal creature,
Peace beaming in her every feature,
“ I’m call’d CONTENT,” she said, “ but, sweeter,
“ Meek RESIGNATION to the will of God.

“ Untaught by me, true wealth *must* ’scape your eye.
“ Golconda’s mines, the gold of Ophir,
“ Wit, beauty,—emptiness discover,
“ Or bid some *new* desire hover
“ O’er things forbidden, or which nought can buy.

“ Couldst thou the varied stores of knowledge boast,
“ Thro’ all the world’s best pleasures wander,
“ Of all its kingdoms be commander,
“ Still wouldst thou weep, like Alexander,
“ When *all* possessing, discontented *most*.

“ He only has the prize with whom I’m found ;
“ Equal to all his need, his treasure,
“ Or great, or small, whate’er its measure,
“ His very wants are springs of pleasure,
“ *To do the will of heaven*, their utmost bound.

“ But I can only dwell where I can meet
“ Humility, my *elder* sister ;
“ (I flee the bosoms that resist her)
“ Seek *her* then, where none ever miss’d her ;
“ Attending meekly at Immanuel’s feet !”

TO AN AVOWED INFIDEL.

1817.

You slight religion—“ and *on solid ground*,” you say,
And, while *on solid ground* you stand, you may ;
But when your limbs, beneath death’s with’ring hand,
Shall find *the solid ground* as sinking sand,
No *solid ground* will then appear for mirth,
But dread conviction startle into birth,
That *all* your boasted “ *solid ground*” was—Earth.

MENTAL SUFFERING.

1819.

A plaintive eye of joyless beam,
 Beneath a brow of care receding,
 A fallen cheek of hectic gleam,
 A broken heart with sorrow bleeding !
 Sad, when the loathing vision flees
 The scenes that nature paints to please,
 When disappointment's fev'rish hue
 Reflection calls, and strikes anew
 The heart with sorrow bleeding !
 Tears murmur not his grief away,—
 Tears, mildest utterance of sadness !
 But more than bitterest tears could say,
 Reveals the glance of kindling madness.
 Tears soothe the drooping child of care,
 When hover tempests of despair,
 But, absent, then reflects the eye
 The inward throb of agony,
 And darts the glance of madness.

Hark ! how, when moans corporeal pain,
 Responsive sighs the common feeling !
 Yet undiscern'd, unsooth'd remain
 The wounds that mock the power of healing !
 The quickening step, the glancing eye,
 The limb convuls'd, the stifled sigh,—
 Reporters of supreme distress !
 Obtain commiseration less
 Than wounds a moment healing !

True ! *sympathy* might more deject
The soul of silent, untold sorrow,
Which *loves* to pine, nor feels neglect,
Nor *wishes* for a brighter morrow !
Yes ! there are griefs can better bear
Their anguish, than the pitying tear,
Obtrusive deem'd—but tho' it fail
At first, it might at last prevail
To gild a brighter morrow !

Conceive that full attire of woe
That vests the heart whence hope is banish'd :
Encircling fast the black waves flow,
But every spring of joy has vanish'd !
Fast rolling, comes the last huge wave ;
Ingenious efforts yet may save,
And bless thee may the *peaceful* eye,
Where never more shall say the sigh,
'The springs of joy are vanish'd !'
Then all thy powers to save unite,
But deep conceal the kind endeavour,
For secret sorrow *dragg'd* to light,
Indignant feels, and sinks for ever !
If, tuned to sadness, thou appear,
Thy tale of woe may gain his ear ;
And, harrow'd by another's groan,
The mourner may remit his own,
Nor wretched sink for ever !

Talk not to him of earthly bliss,
Who sickens at the thought of pleasure,

But point a fairer world than this,
Where never fades the once-gained treasure.
Recount the woes a Saviour bore,
To mark the way to Canaan's shore,
And tell how bow'd *His* soul with pain,
That sorrow's children might obtain
A never-fading treasure.
Tho' sterile earth deny a balm
To sorrows of its *own* infliction,
Yet heaven will not refuse to calm
The sharpest throbbings of affliction.
Blest theme ! which, until sighings swell
Too high for Deity to quell,
May boast a cure for every case,
And wipe from off the saddest face
The tokens of affliction !

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER, ON THE FIRST
ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH,

Nov. 9, 1821.

Tho' all unconscious now thine ear,
Yet, haply, when of me bereft,
An orphan's tributary tear
May fall upon this relic left !

Should heaven decree I may not *tell*,
Should heaven decree thou mayst not *prove*,
I'm pleased to think thine heart shall swell,
To read the *record* of *my love*.

Yes ! I *do* love thee, if to be,
When thou art near me, chiefly blest,
If fondest hopes and fears for thee,
And daily prayers, may love attest.

So do I love thee, if I know
My heart, that were thy life's bud riven,
I think my tears would scarcely flow
For joy that it had blown in heaven.

And should my days be number'd ere
Thine heart avows a filial fire,
Ere thy young memory can bear
A vivid impress of thy sire,

Will not thine age maturer seek
To know all thou of me canst learn ?
And nought, I hope, that truth shall speak,
Will make my child, dishonored, turn.

Nor will I fear *one* treasured name
Shall bear thy memory from *the other* ;

But, hear me!—let the brightest flame
Of thine affection cherish “MOTHER.”

Of all below, there is not one
Whom I would leave alone to tell,
Till I had told of her, for none
Can know like me, or tell so well.

When thou shalt see a bright array
Of concentrated female worth,
Truth, goodness, kindness,—thou shalt say
“Such was *my mother* when on earth!”

When thou shalt see a woman rise,
Unostentatious, gentle, mild,
In growing favour with the wise,
Think of *thy mother then*, my child!

When thou shalt see a tender wife,
Her husband's happiness, her aim;
A crown of honor to his life,
An added lustre to his name,

With smiles of sweet contentment deck'd,
As oft as mortals may be here,
Pleasing, and pleased herself,—reflect,—
Such did thy mother once appear.

And *such* was SHE whence memory draws
And models all my hopes for thee,
For just such as thy mother *was*,
I would her orphan child should *be*.

Now think my waken'd spirit speaks,
Now think the solemn grave adjures thee,
Now think that nought the silence breaks
But the one voice which thus conjures thee!

I charge thee, if thou e'er shalt know
Those, here, who loved thy mother most,
To such award thy best love's glow,
The kindest throb thine heart can boast.

I charge thee, if distress o'ertake,
Or menace them, recall the dead,
And, for thy mother's, father's sake,
With such divide thy purse, thy bread.

I charge thee, should a suppliant say,
'Behold in me thy mother's blood,'—
Tho' abject, turn him not away,
Unless convinced thy mother would.

And, if a spirit may approve
Aught that is felt, or acted here,

Thy father's surely will, my love!
And smile upon thy gen'rous tear.

Child of my sainted partner gone!
Sweet scion of that lovely tree!
Flesh of her flesh! bone of her bone!
What shall I wish, or ask for thee?

I would, but what, perchance *I* would,
May be what heaven had best deny:
Do thou! oh, God! allot the good,
And make my child on thee rely!

It were a low, a base desire
That staid on earth its puny flight;
My fondest, brightest hopes aspire
To meet thee with "the saints in light!"

Began thy sorrows with the throes
Which closed thy mother's scene of pain,
Concealed thy future joys, or woes,
I only wish thee "born again!"

And would a form, tho' angel-fair,
Allure thee from "the narrow road"
Which leads to heaven,—oh! shun the snare,
Nor miss thy parents' blest abode.

Think *then*, my dying words enjoin,
“ Be steadfast, child! in virtue’s way;
“ ‘ Walk with the wise,’ if thou wouldst join
“ ‘ The wise in realms of endless day.’ ”

Nor fail to ask the God of grace
To make thee his perpetual care;
And, when assign’d in heaven thy place,
Be it *my* lot to greet thee *there*!

TO THE SAME, ON HER 13th ANNIVERSARY,
WITH A POCKET TESTAMENT.

1833.

As ocean, when its flood is highest, tells
The force supernal of attracting skies,
And upward tends, as tho’ it sought to rise,
While, with its affluent tides, each river swells,
As also aiming at some lofty prize,—
So, when my love its common love excels,—
Ambitious for thee of the highest good,—
It seems as if its full affection’s flow
Would bear thee where is perfect rectitude;
But ah! my nature, how deep-sunk below,
Thou, who art of me, by thine own may’st know:
Come then, my child! with me, in lowly mood,
And learn of Him whose words, received aright,
Can change and fit us for His courts of light!

LINES WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.

1822.

Fast fades my life ! decaying as a flower,
 Swift as the progress of the fleeting hour !
 Soon sympathy shall hear my last drawn breath,
 And, weeping o'er my corse, say—*this* is death !
 But think, my soul ! if midst the funeral gloom,
 Bright Hope shall summon smiles around the tomb,
That Hope must kindle in the scripture's beam,
 Or spring from error's visionary dream ;
 Then can it be !—*no other* light is given,
 To show my feet the "narrow way" to heaven ;
 That thou alone bring'st life and heaven to birth,
 Yet thought is slow to recognize thy worth ?
 Ah ! can it be my soul neglects thy store,
 Enjoined to dig as if for silver ore,
 Assured that every fresh discover'd vein
 Shall lead me yet to treasures that remain !
 Oh, Thou ! who art the Author of the Word !
 The quickening spirit of thy grace afford,
 More firmly fix my wandering heart on thee,
 And more reveal thy constant love to me.
 Incite my zeal, and stimulate my skill
 To search the written record of Thy will ;
 And let *this* proof of my attachment shine—
A constant aim to mould my will by THINE—
 So that, when Friendship weeps upon my bier,
 Hope—*Truth born Hope—may* wipe away the tear,
 And point my spirit—victress o'er the grave,
 Safe in the bosom of the "strong to save !"

THE PILGRIM'S LAMENT.

1824.

In the following lines on the career and death of the late Lord Byron, his Lordship is alluded to under the metaphor of a Star, misleading rather than enlightening its admirers, until the period of the combat. By the combat is indicated the struggle on the part of Greece, to throw off the yoke of her Turkish oppressors—Turkey, “the tyrant”—Greece, “the slave.” In this glorious cause Byron’s noble efforts until his death, (the “cloud” referred to,) gave promise that his life, hitherto expended worse than uselessly, would yet be of service to the world. Turkey is represented hating the light, as friendly to the cause of liberty, and therefore railing against the Star that lent its illuminating beams, and blessing the moon, the crescent moon, emblem of the Mahomedan faith, because, veiled in darkness, she favored oppression. Greece, on the contrary, is represented hailing “*each beam of light*.” Intellectual light is ever grateful to rising freedom.

Methought I heard, in pensive strain,
 A weary wanderer thus complain:
 “The night was dark, my way was far,
 “I gladly hailed one brilliant Star,
 “And fondly hoped that Star should throw
 “Along my path its radiant glow.
 “But, treacherous, as, too oft, the gleam
 “Of earthly promises, it shed
 “A fitful, tho’ a lovely beam,
 “*Betraying* where it should have *led*.

“Yet still, with pilgrim steps, I trod
 “The beaten, tho’ the toilsome road,

“ And, solaced by a *constant* ray,
“ That inly beamed to cheer my way,
“ A light that ever, ever shone,
“ My path was tracked, my haven won.
“ But, ere that haven won, I saw,—
“ And even as I tell, I quiver,—
“ I saw that beauteous Star withdraw,
“ And set, in awful shades, for ever !

“ ’Twas thus—there came upon my ear
“ The sounds of fierce contention near ;
“ And soon my scarcely-piercing sight
“ Discerned, amid the shades of night,
“ Two furious foes, whose angry mood
“ Predicted coming deeds of blood.
“ The haughty threat, the madman’s rave,
“ The tyrant here might well betray,
“ While nobler tokens marked the slave,
“ Resolved to cast his chains away.

“ Tho’ nobly born, and nobly now
“ Determined never more to bow,
“ Thro’ lingering years *the one* had been
“ A wretched vassal, base and mean,
“ Till roused by long-abused control
“ In native majesty of soul,
“ He stood, amid the gloom unaw’d,
“ Where hop’d the despot, tho’ in vain,
“ To make the ‘ rebel’ own him “ *Lord*,”
“ And wear his slavish bonds again.

“ The menace on the lips of fear,
“ Yet courage kindling by despair,
“ The panting breath, the greedy eye
“ Of avarice in agony,
“ Bespoke forewarnings of an hour
“ Ordained to crush the tyrant's power ;
“ While, Moslem-like, against the Star
“ That balk'd his perfidy, he railed,
“ And blessed the moon whose crescent-car
“ Had borne her where the darkness veiled.

“ Not thus his foe, who seemed as one
“ Of those who fought at Marathon.
“ *His* ample brow revealed the soul
“ Where noble passions, conscious, roll,
“ And, clad in potent honor's might,
“ The hero hailed each beam of light.
“ And now forth sprang each thirsty sword,
“ And now the deadly fight began,
“ The tyrant aiming to be *Lord*,
“ The vassal struggling to be *Man*!

“ And now, that Star, which, heretofore,
“ An evil aspect only wore,
“ Beamed forth, as if an angel's eye
“ Were looking down in sympathy.
“ It almost seemed, so true it shone,
“ For past delusions to atone ;
“ And thus, like some blest spirit's smile,
“ Approving some ennobling aim,

“ Its mingling radiance for awhile,
“ Enlivened freedom's glorious flame.

“ But scarce had beam'd its cheering light,
“ On liberty's reviving sight,
“ Scarce tyranny began to throw
“ His curses on the dazzling glow,
“ When suddenly an awful cloud
“ Involved it in a death-like shroud.
“ So quick, so dark, so black, so chill,
“ Like judgment's unexpected rod,
“ It came so solemnly and still,—
“ That cloud was sure the Hand of God.

“ Alas ! I hop'd that splendid light,
“ (Now quench'd, for ever quench'd in night,)
“ When first I saw its steady blaze
“ Succeed its ill-expended rays,
“ And shine in freedom's cause so true,
“ Ere long, should guide the pilgrim too.
“ Lamenting thus, I raised my eyes
“ To where its lustre once had been,
“ And saw its beams, with glad surprise,
“ Supply'd by Stars till now unseen.*

“ The ills I fancied must ensue
“ When such a glorious light withdrew,—

* Alluding to the many other noble Friends of Freedom who immediately succeeded Lord Byron in the cause of Greece.

“ That freedom’s growing nerve should fail,
“ And proud oppression yet prevail,—
“ Not one of all I feared befel,
“ The cause of freedom prospered well.
“ Reprov’d, I bow’d my head and blushed,
“ To own the moment’s thought as mine,
“ That heaven would see *its offspring* crushed,
“ Tho’ *every* star should cease to shine.”

The Pilgrim paused—I saw a tear
Had check’d his fervid utterance here—
“ Think not,” said he, “ this tribute given
“ To any glittering star of heaven ;
“ The Star I told thee of was *ONE*
“ That yet amongst them *might* have shone,
“ But tracked its low, erratic way,
“ When brightest, but of little worth,
“ Oft sparkling only to betray,—
“ A useless, wandering Star of earth !

“ I mourn a wretched man of woe
“ Who only seemed to live to shew,
“ That birth, and wealth, and mighty mind,
“ And nigh the worship of his kind,
“ Without religion’s pure control
“ Could bring no sunshine to the soul.
“ I viewed him passion-bound to earth,
“ Yet, when I saw his arm appear
“ Outstretched in aid of freedom’s birth,
“ I hoped *his* freedom too was near.

“ But no! as if pure liberty
“ Polluted by his touch could be,
“ As if some power had struck the blow
“ That feared the friend might prove a foe,
“ He sank—nor would I wither now
“ One *fragrant* flower that wreathed his brow.
“ But yet I mourn the life mis-spent,
“ The mischief unretrieved in death,
“ The couch where no kind angel bent
“ With healing truth on balmy breath.
“ I mourn”—and here the pilgrim sighed—
“ To think how BYRON lived—and died!”

THE PAST.

1825.

As fond affection, by attraction strong,
Of almost doubting, yet too conscious love,
Is drawn where yet, in recent death, repose
Endeared remains—and, trembling, moves the veil
To look again, again, and once again
Upon the form late sensitive and glad
With life and love;—as fond affection thus
The strong attraction owns, yet (nature such)
Not conscious wherefore, shudders as she lifts
The shrouding pall—so drawn, resistless, oft,

By fascination strange, if not by love,
My spirit hovers o'er *the mournful past*.
So looks, intently, as the visions rise,
Tho' nought arise to expectation new.
But *solemn* is the stillness of the past
Reviewed!—its agitations hushed, and all
As calm as death!—The soul would fain revoke
Its incantations, and, in dread, remand
The phantoms it hath raised, but cannot,—nor
Avert its gaze.—Oblivion's gates unfold!
In slow succession pass the spectral shades
Of griefs yet bleeding, and of follies, armed
With scorpion stings, as heretofore, when first
They flattered and betrayed.—Each bears its cup
Of bitterness, and, as the sad array
Proceeds, each pours the baleful draught of woe
Into one ebon-chalice, till the brim
O'erflows.—Nor is there here one drop of aught,
But may appal the soul—and *did* so, nigh
To madness, when the cup was *real*—yet,
Mysterious power!—doth its memory dwell
As if it found a welcome in my heart,
And *will* not be repulsed!—nor *let* it be!
God of compassion!—merciful in frowns!
Sustainer of my life in anguish deep!
Deep anguish, which, tho' partially revealed,
None fully understood, nor keenest eye,
In *all* its springs and traversings, could trace;—
My Sun! my Shield! Uplifter of my head!
To thee, chastized, in utter helplessness,
I fled for refuge and for peace, and, now,—
Escaped the storm, and disciplined by grief,—

Beneath the shadow of thy brooding wings,
That *peace* I find. Celestial Visitant !
Scarce known, and never rightly valued, save
Where war hath raged—thou comest not in pomp,
Nor laughing revelry, nor clad in gold ;
Thy greetings are not rapture, nor thy joys :
But quiet, safety, cheerfulness serene,
With fortitude and virtue fill thy train ;
While evil, in whatever guise, abashed,
Before the brightness of thy coming shrinks.
Still deign to make my bosom thine abode !
No wayward passion pluck thy banner thence !
No rebel folly ruffle thy control !
The gift of heaven thou, stay with me, stay,
In present duty, or in future cares,
Until, to heaven upraised, I with thee dwell,
Secure for ever in my Father's house.
My *Father's* house ! my kindling spirit soars.
There dwells the family of God ! *There* rest
Dear death-dissevered friends in endless life !
There Jesus ! " elder brother," who unbarred
Its portals at the price of blood, that man,
Released from penalty, and formed afresh
In god-like purity, might find a *home* ;
And severed friends, in blest re-union, taste
The ceaseless interchange of sinless love !
My Father's *house* ! glad termination this
Of earthly care ! The spirit's *worthy* home,
Where God wipes tears away and writes them "*past* !"

WISDOM.—JAMES i. 5.

“ If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.”

Say, what is Wisdom? is it to play
 With earthly joys as they come?
 Earth's pleasures, alas! but a moment stay,
 And our joys are consigned to the tomb!

Ah! can it be wise for ever to ply
 A cup that so often fails?
 To trust to a spring so subject to dry
 That its promise but rarely avails!

Then *what* is Wisdom? is it to dwell
 In league with sorrows and sighs?
 To hail, as music, the funeral knell,
 And, as beauty, the mourner's guise?

Nay, this is *not* Wisdom, nor will she
 Be known to thy weary breast,
 Till first inscribed by her hand there be
 On thine heart, “ *this is not your rest!*”

This Wisdom woo, thine heart she will teach
 Life's sorrows and pleasures to weigh,
 And place thee, at last, where grief cannot reach,
 And the joy never passes away!

Her lessons will shew you the path that is right
To think, or to suffer, or do,
Your zeal enkindle, your spirit excite,
And assist you the path to pursue.

With courage on she will aid you to go,
Thro' conflicts and trials and pains,
And teach you to pass allurements below,
Ever seeking "the rest" that "remains."

Thus winds the stream to its ocean-source,
With flow'rs and weeds in its way ;
The weeds entangle it not in its course,
Nor the flowers entice it to stay.

GOD "PAST FINDING OUT."

1826.

"Who by searching can find out God? Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

Wondrous source of all I see !
Good, yet wrapt in mystery !
That Thou art, convinced I stand,
What Thou art, say, heav'nly band !
Angels, who for ever dwell
Near His throne beholding !—tell.

Nay ! Thou art the Holy One,
Veiled in light approached by none !

What are angels ? spirits they,
Unconfin'd by mortal clay.
Each a pure, a happy *mind*
Nought can sully—nothing bind,
High in wisdom, great in might,
Dwelling in eternal light !
Such are angels,—spirits they,
Unconfin'd by mortal clay.

What is light ? Of Him a ray
From whose glance first sprang the day.
Beauty's soul, and vision's breath ;
Hidden,—emblem drear of death,—
Shine the gem, or blush the rose,
Life of all that shines, or glows ;
Such is light ? of Him a ray
From whose glance first sprang the day.

God of angels ! Source of light !
All that are those spirits bright,
All that is the purest ray,
Such art Thou ! and *more* than they.
What Thou art, I ask no more,
Thou art holy ! I adore !
To be *as* Thou art shall be
Noblest aim of life to me.
God of angels ! Source of light !
Teach, oh ! teach me what is *right* !

SENSIBILITY.

1816.

Sensibility! source of all bliss!
Sensibility! parent of woe!
Shall I clasp thee, or shall I dismiss?
Shall I hail thee my friend, or my foe?

Ah! the sadness enthroned on thy face,
And the tear which distils from thine eye,
Would direct me to shun thine embrace,
From thy pensive ascendance to fly.

But that bright glow diffused o'er thy cheek,
And that smile which grief cannot conceal,
Both impel me thy friendship to seek,
And declare if thou wound'st, thou canst heal.

Come then, come, and if ever thy tear
Pleasure's opening flowers destroy,
Thy sweet smile soon some fairer shall rear,
Richly yielding the honey of joy.

A BLUSH.

1821.

There is a tint that charms my eye
Far more than summer's roseate sky,
Or Flora's brightest hue:
See, where it rises! *there* the name
Of virtue liveth! *there* the flame
Of goodness beams to view!

Not envy's hectic, rapine's gleam,
Nor wrath's, nor hatred's lurid beam,
 Nor lawless-love's mad flush,
May claim the tribute of my praise,
Or share the honour of the lays
 Devoted to a BLUSH!

Suffusing Mary's vestal cheeks,
'Tis virtue's voice, and sweetly speaks
 A heart of tenderness;
Or when the lovely glow appears
With Mira's penitential tears,
Say *then*, what is it less?

Now, tinging deep the face of youth,
It shines, th' ingenuous ray of truth,
 A promise bright and fair!
Or, mant'ling o'er detected sin,
It proves a spark of good within,
 And antidotes despair!

When love desponds, or friendship fears,
Or vice extorts the parent's tears,
 And threat'ning visions rise,
'Tis like the morning's herald light,
Precursor of a beam more bright,
 And pledge of sunny skies.

Then parent! friend! or lover!—peace!
Let hope persuade thy fears to cease,
 Desponding whispers hush!
Tho' dark and threat'ning clouds appear,
One ray, at least, remains to cheer,
 While those you love can *blush*!

HEALTH.

1826.

Exempt from pain, from weakness free,
 Free to enjoy the cup of bliss,
 Light as the bird, I long to flee,
 And visit other scenes than this !

Unknown to me the languid eye,
 The tortur'd frame where sickness stings,
 It seems, unwearied, I could fly
 The world around, but lend me wings.

Thanks to the Bounty which hath given,
 A zest for all that may delight,
 An eye that loves the light of heaven,
 And yields to balmy sleep at night.

And *whence* this lightsome tone of strength ?
 This taste for all the joys of life ?
 While some scarce live out half their length,
 And wage with death a constant strife.

Whence ? whence the brightness of the sun ?
 ' God of all comfort ! ' Thine the care,
 Who bade the vital current run,
 And health in all its circuit bear !

Yet oft my God instructs by grief
 Who would that none should wretched be ;
 And shall not health—that blessing chief—
 Some lessons teach ?—' oh ! teach Thou me !'

Teach so that, while with Mary's zeal,
I dwell delighted on thy word ;
With gen'rous Martha, I may feel,
A soul on fire to *serve* my Lord !

SICKNESS.

1826.

Oppress'd beneath a feeble frame
That scarce sustains its sinking load,
Dark bodings o'er my spirit came,
And thoughts reproachful to my God.

I saw the buoyant child of health,
And ill-suppressed the envious sigh ;
If rich, he revell'd in his wealth ;
If poor, 'twas happy poverty.

But I, deny'd a place of rest,
For comfort seek and sigh in vain,
Alike where wealth the board has drest,
Or where the peasant tills the plain.

Dark, thankless thoughts ! no more be mine !
Each sorrow, sent, my God ! from Thee,
In kindness all—and what to Thine ?
The deepest ?—Thine endur'd for me ?

Needs must that Faith *some* proof sustain,
And mark thee well the woes abroad,
The nameless woes—the vary'd pain—
Compare thy lot and bless the Lord !

What tho', as some scarce-shelter'd head
Within the storm-pierc'd hovel shrinks,
I feel distemper's winds invade,
While fever's flash my spirit drinks ;—

If, on the tempest's surges borne,
The voice of God, prevailing, swell—
“ 'Tis thus I teach what, else, with scorn,
“ Thine heedless soul had spurn'd ”—'tis well !

Content, I make but this request—
When, Mary-like, oppress'd with care,
I sit, “ within the house,” distrest,
Thy visits, Saviour ! grant me there !

HEAVEN.

1827.

Beyond the scenes where mortals weep,
Spreads fresh and fair, a healthful clime,
Where gales of sickness never sweep,
Nor vigor fears the lapse of time.

Abode of angels ! spirits pure !
And where “ the just made perfect ” are,
Where sorrows end, where joys endure,
And bright content has banish’d care.

Hail ! blissful regions ! plains of peace !
Untrod by crime, unstained by wars,
Where noise and strife and tumult cease,
The world’s wild din and brethren’s jars.

Nor death is there, nor parting known,
But more than all, and all to ensure,
There, smiling on th’ *eternal* throne,
The God of heav’n makes heav’n secure.

And there the Lamb whose blood below
A crimson, cleansing fountain ran,
Conducts to streams that ever flow,
And blush not, as they flow, for man !

My spirit longs, my heart aspires
To gain that pure, that blest abode ;
When shall I come, my soul inquires,
And stand and sing before my God ?

INTRODUCTION TO AN ALBUM.

1827.

The first !—ah ! who the thoughts shall say,
The thousand thoughts that roll

And 'whelm beneath their torrent sway
The bold adventurer's soul,
Who *first* descries some unknown land,
And treads, *the first*, its virgin strand ?

Is such an 'one's the wide, warm breast
Where generous passions glow,
The lofty mind where truth may rest
As sun on mountain snow ?
Methinks of such a soul I hear,
The utterance breathed, and trace it *here*.

Peace to thy borders ! stranger land !
And blessings on thee pour !
Nor let the first who marks thy strand
Pollute the stainless shore !
I come *the first*, and list the call,—
I claim thee for the Lord of all !

No tyrant's stern decree I bring,
No hostile banner wave,
But here the friendly gauntlet fling
To all the nobly brave ;
And bid them dare with me essay
And make this land to heaven a way.

Far hence the host of worthless ones,
The vain delusive crowd !
Poor wanton pleasure's thoughtless sons,
The flatterer and the proud :
But, holiness around thee thrown,
Approach the wise, the good alone !

Of piety the fair retreat,
Of truth the loved resort,
May wisdom here assume her seat
And all that come be taught !
Thy ways, the ways of pleasantness,
Thy paths, the paths of peace !

On all Thy future peopled plains
May purest incense burn !
And mingling, thence, with sweetest strains,
Invoke a blest return !
Nor with the hallowed music float
The discord of a doubtful note.
So shalt Thou, holy, happy, free,
A region bless'd and blessing be !

ENIGMAS.

1828.

I.

Seen never yet by mortal eyes,
Though beaming in them oft,
Nor felt, yet like—*form, texture, size,*
Great, narrow, firm, or soft.

Unhurt by wear, unchanged by years,
Yet changed it needs must be,

And tho' it hath, nor eyes, nor ears,
It can both hear and see.

It never spoke, it never smiled,
It never shed a tear,
Yet grief hath torn and joy beguiled,
And speech reveals it near.

Of death in peril, yet to die
Can never be its lot ;
Still die it may, yet live to sigh,
Because it liveth not.

II.

Now invested with grandeurs resplendently bright,
Then all hostile to beauty, sworn foe to the light ;
Now of delicate tint and of elegant form,
Then as rough as the rock, and as black as the storm ;
Gently lulled, like a babe on its mother's soft breast,
Now as lovely and peaceful and quiet I rest,
Then I fly with the wings of the wind, and, beneath,
Widely scatter destruction and terrors and death.
There is one on whose bosom I often repose,
And whenever she mourns I give vent to her woes.
There is one in whose glances I kindle and burn,
Yet not seldom he leaves me, tho' pledged to return ;
But, at parting, his gaze is so tender and deep,
I am mantled in blushes and silently weep.
If I smile, or I blush, 'tis delight to the soul,
When I frown, nature trembles and owns my control.
When the victim of terror is wild with his fears,

Then I scowl on his griefs while I shed o'er him tears,
 Yet when langour and faintness the dying oppress,
 I administer succour and banish distress.
 I arise from the earth, but am nurtured near heaven,
 And am harmless while perfect, but dreadful when riven;
 Both an omen of ill and a portent of good,
 And an emblem of anything ill understood;
 Of materials slighter than feathers, or sand,
 Yet a vehicle form the most splendidly grand:
 My true province is darkness, my nature to hide,
 Yet my fame is on record of old as a guide.

SOLUTIONS OF THE FOREGOING ENIGMAS:—

I.

The Soul.

II.

A Cloud.

HOPE.

———“ The bright light in the clouds —JOB.

1827-8.

Methought a cloud, frowned darkly o'er my head,
 And ever as I raised a fearful eye,
 Its bulk seemed larger and its form more dread,
 While, slowly, like some Monarch from on high,
 In sable majesty, its pomp drew nigh.

Yet less terrific now its blackness grew,
For, like the breaking of the morning light,
A pallid promise, as of something bright,
Far, far behind, beamed softly on my view.

And still that gleam grew brighter, and, still, down,
As came that dark cloud, it relaxed its frown,
Till what had seemed a twilight in its midst,
Revealed the features of an angel-face,
Yet seen as thro' a veil that lent it grace.
Diverging then, the blackness—from amidst,
Forth burst the lovely vision, and I knew
'Twas Hope's bright visage beamed upon my view.

Had I the painter's, or the graver's art,
And free admission to the human breast,
That face divine should live on ev'ry heart,
Nor Hope again in base disguise be drest.
Deceitful say they ? oh ! that look sincere,
That smile enjewelled in compassion's tear,
That glow of constancy !—how they belie
The sland'rous pencil of foul obloquy,
That paints her laughing at the child of care
Whom she has cheered a while, then left in deep despair !

No ! beautiful, much-wronged, ever-constant friend !
The friend of *all* !—good, bad, or fool, or wise—
Thou changest not—but, seeking bliss, *their* eyes
Whom wisdom urges to a virtuous end,
Alone (or chiefly *their's*) behold the prize,
While sorrows oft'ner folly's paths attend.
But didst thou hearken, solace of the world !
Save only when *the wise* implored thine aid,

Nor give the simple in thy smiles a share,
What millions of our kind would soon be hurl'd
 Into the deep dark caverns of despair;
 And groans the ear invade,
The melancholy dirge of *hopeless* care !

Oh ! wisdom, wisdom's self ! omniscient God !
 "THE GOD OF HOPE!" be Thou my constant guide !
Thy will my rule, Thy ways my peaceful road !
 To know, love, serve Thee and with thee abide,
 My ceaseless aim !
Then Hope, meanwhile, my comforter shall be,
 Nor bring to shame ;
 But, found at last with Thee,
Heaven's full fruition pour upon my soul
More joys than Hope e'er blazoned on her scroll !

Then, unregretting,—we shall part—
Her end accomplished, Hope again shall go,
 To soothe the wretched and assuage the smart
 Of throbbing grief below ;
 But chiefly those to bless
Whom deep compunction's burning pangs distress,
 While yet, with deep-drawn, heartfelt sigh
 That says the soul no more would rove,
 They look with timid, tearful eye,
 Imploring life of dying " Love."
These, Hope shall cheer and lift on high
 To " things above !"

Thus 'till the world's career of woe be run,
Shall Hope attend on hovering wings of peace ;
Then wend her way, with earth's last-rescued son,
And heaven absorb her in its flood of bliss !

THE JUDGMENT.

1828.

The Lord will come ! what then shall be,
Oh ! say my soul ! thy destiny ?
Bethink thee of that awful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
The melting elements expire
Before the fierce etherial fire,
And, like a useless, parchment scroll,
The Lord the firmament shall roll,
Oh ! think of heaven's descending host,
The trump of God !—but think thee most
Of Him whose second coming then
Shall be to judge the sons of men !
' He comes ! ' the songs of angels tell,
' He comes ! ' deep howl the groans of hell—
' He comes ! ' His saints, entranced, admire ;
His foes would shun his glance of fire—
My soul ! my soul ! I ask of thee
If thou, or saint, or foe will be !
Methinks I see the judgment set,
The great white throne—the nations met—
The judge—the same that pity'd *here*,—
With sceptre'd hand and brow severe.
I see His eye intently look
Upon the dread, recording book :
I hear His voice pronounce the lot,—
Depart !—thy name is written not !"
Again his lips the record read,
And names, in lines that seem to bleed,

Reflected in His softened eye,
 Declare His wrath hath passed by.
 My soul ! my soul ! that sound—"depart !"
 Is over, nor hath pierced thine heart ;
 Then sing my soul ! dismiss thy care,
 The book is searched—*thy* name is there !

"WHAT ART THOU ?"

1828.

Thus lisped an infant to a lovely dame :—

"Fair lady ! what art thou ?

My mother says that death will fade *my* brow,
 And I am *mortal*—art thou too the same ?

That is, she says, my cheek will soon grow pale,
 My limbs be useless, and my eye-sight fail :
 And yet when laid the cold green turf below,

I still shall think and know,

And live, she says, *immortal*, or in joy, or woe.

'Tis strange ! and yet I think it true :

Fair lady ! what art *thou* ?

Still beauty decks *thy* brow ;

Canst *thou* be *mortal* and *immortal*, too ?

Shall *thy* frame totter and thy form decay,
 And all thy smiling beauty pass away ?

It seems to me the years must long have been

Since thou, like me, a child wert seen ;

Yet still thy cheek is fresh, thine eye is bright:
Perhaps it may be, like the mid-day light,
Thy noon is come—and now
The shadows shall begin to mark thy brow :
Say, lady ! am I right,
Or *what* art thou ?

LASTING BEAUTY.

“ *A gracious woman retaineth honor.*”—Prov. 11, 16.

1829.

The brightest beauty that e'er chained the heart
Is but the glowing ray
That paints a dying day.

The sweetest form that e'er entranced the soul
Is but the blooming flow'r
That withers in an hour.

The fairest frame enshrines a faulty heart ;
When age the shrine impairs
Its tenant poorly fares.

Then doffs the faithless crowd its smiling guise,
And all that shrinks from sight
Is dragged to broadest light.

Then, fair one ! be thou graced with holiness !
That so, when beauty-past,
Thine "*honor*" still may last.

'Tis heaven's own record—" she that fears the Lord,
Her praise shall stay,"
Her beauty, quenchless day !—
The bloom be thine that fadeth not away !

"FAVOR IS DECEITFUL."

Prov. 31, 30.

Maiden, maiden, be not taken !
Fruit selected for its hue
Oft will prove the choice mistaken—
"*Favor* is deceitful" too !

Has the praise of beauty crowned thee ?
Sits the wreath upon thy brow ?
Look ! the flowers are falling round thee—
"*Favor*" is a fading bough !

Mark the eyes that quail before thee,
Mark the flushing, fevered glow !
List the voices that adore thee—
Ask—*that* "*favor*" whence its flow.

Who, of all, would homage render,
Wert thou neither rich, nor fair ?
Who, in age, will be as tender ?
Let not *favor* prove a snare !

Try them by the light of heaven !
By thy peace, and by thy youth,
By the hearts deceit hath riven,
Try their *favor* by the truth !

Upward be thy soul aspiring,
Shine in wisdom's bright array,
And, if *this*, they fail admiring,
From *their* "favor" turn away !

If, to God, thine heart be given,
Praise shall only please thine ear
Which reverbs the praise of heaven,
And assures thee *favor* there !



THE DRUID'S VOW.

1828.

Suggested by a visit to Stone-henge, which Bryant supposes to have been a Druidical Temple of the Sun. The Chaldeans, (and not improbably the Druids,) worshipped the Sun under the title of "Baal."

" Blow ye, blow ye the clarion and wake to the war !
" Spring each sword from its scabbard, each prince to
his car :

“ For your freedom, proud Britons ! your lives and
your hand,

“ To the battle arise ye !—the foe is at hand,

“ But, ere yet the fierce battle-brand bursts forth in fire,

“ Here invoke we dread Baal to quicken its ire.

“ Swift, prepare ye the victims, nor mingle a cry,

“ When your first-born, ye mothers ! are called forth to
die.

“ Listen, Baal ! oh ! list, by the blood that we pour,

“ By the youth and the beauty now reeking in gore ;

“ Flash in wrath on our foes, and thine altars again

“ Shall be heaped with oblations—the living and slain !”

Thus implored the fierce Druid, but on in his path,
Sped the God of his worship, nor flashed forth in wrath :
But the true God of Britain, in mercy, was near,
And the vow of delusion had entered *His* ear.

He had marked too the prayers that arose from the
brave,

And His pity resolved Him to answer and save,
But not ~~so~~ as entreated,—the foe ruled the plain,
But the gospel of Jesus arrived in his train !*

* The Roman conquest must be considered as opening the way for Christianity into Britain. Druidism was abolished by Nero, A.D. 60.

CANNON FARM.

Written as a conjugal Birth-day present.

1828.

Some spots there are that bid me smile,
And some that bid me weep,
As mem'ry tracks, and wakes the while,
The thoughts that only sleep.

And still, as days are multiply'd,
The scenes of other years
Are watered with a widening tide
Of multiplying tears.

'Tis wise, 'tis good—it proves the hand
That guides our pilgrim-way ;—
The nearer to the heavenly land
The less shall ask our stay.

Yet daily some fresh flower I see
That sheds a fragrance round,
And clad in such fair witchery,
I love the very ground.

And tho', perchance, next time I come,
The lovely fay have fled,
Now will I glad me in the bloom,
Then love it for the dead.

Endeared retreat ! sweet Cannon Farm !
No sighs dost thou recal ;
No cypress veils thy roses' charm,—
As yet, 'tis beauty all.

Hail ! to thee dear paternal roof
That blest me with a bride !
That heard the vows of plighted love
And sees that love abide !

Hail ! to thee lovely dwelling, hail !
Thrice hospitable dome !
Where kindness, peace, and love prevail,
And “ piety at home ! ”

But even thou, some day shalt tell
The longest dream must end,
And, mingling with a kindred knell,
Thy yews* their sighs shall blend !

But why foretaste a bitter cup ?
Ah ! why ?—I do not know—
I could not, but my heart looks up,
While fancy mourns below.

Peace to thine inmates, Cannon Farm !
Long peace, and true, abound !
Encircled by the Almighty Arm !
Till peace in heaven be found !

RESOLVES ON A VOYAGE TO INDIA.

1829.

A bark is on the waters
For India's fervid lea,

* Two venerable Yew Trees near the House.

And one of Britain's daughters
Is bound across the sea.

Attained the mid-way ocean,
Her native cliffs no more
Behold the fond emotion
That chains her to the shore.

Her heart is softly swelling,
And thoughts—a busy train—
Alternately are dwelling
On either side the main.

My native land! tho' never
Mine eyes again should see,
The ocean cannot sever
My tenderest thoughts from thee!

“ It is not that I leave thee
Unaccompanied to roam,
For dearest friends are with me,
And yonder is a *home*.

“ 'Tis not that I surrender
The velvet couch of ease,
For palaces of splendor
Await me o'er the seas.

“ But, England! for thine altars,
The altars of my God,
For these my spirit falters,
For these my heart is bowed.

" ~~There~~,—whither I am tending,
 Strange ~~incense~~ clouds the sky,
 And Paynims there are bending
 In base idolatry.

" My heart would sink despairing,
 But ~~hope~~ relieves my care,
 That whither I'm repairing,
 A blessing I may bear.

" Heaven helping, my endeavour,
 Tho' noiseless as the dew,
 Shall seek occasion ever
 To bless the poor Hindoo.

" Alike the gorgeous dwelling,
 The hut, the spicy grove,
 Shall often hear me telling
 Of Jesu's dying love!"

Then speed thee o'er the water,
 And Britain's God attend;
 Nor mourn our ~~isle~~ the daughter,
 Who goes as India's friend!

HOLINESS.

1829.

The eagle eye that hovers the sun,
 May wear its ~~hunting~~ beam,

And angel-eyes that dwell on God,
Perchance might picture HIM.

But what tho' angel tongues described
What angel-eyes behold?
They could not tell us more of God
Than God himself hath told.

Reflected from the peerless light
That mocks our low access,
His image in His word appears
Reveal'd in "HOLINESS!"

Conflux divine of all things pure!
Bright effluence from above!
The breath of heaven—its atmosphere—
Commingled *truth and love!*

Of God, the beauty, glory, strength,
Felicity and Crown:
The grace of His approving smile,
The blackness of His frown!

The spring of His beneficence,
The basis of His power;
The refuge of the universe,
Whatever storms may lower!

In *man*—a principle of truth,
Unwithering as sincere;
Deep-rooted in the love of God,
And rev'rent in His fear!

A heaven-enkindled, quenchless flame,
Aspiring to its source,
Instinct with immortality,
And brightening in its course!

The harmony of intellect,
The concord of the soul,
The heart in unison with God,
And free in His controul!

A form of virtue far more bright
Than earth e'er deified:
Morality that asks no praise,
And honor without pride.

Come forth from God, to Him it turns,
The offspring to its sire;
So streams the bright unsevered ray,
One with its parent fire.

Itself His image—Him adored,
It makes its chosen seat
Beneath that mournful, mystic cross,
Where all His glories meet.

And, pure, altho', as angels be,
Communes with sinners there,
Reflecting its own loveliness,
In every contrite tear.

There, too, my soul! a mourner, weep,
And every tear express
The fervour of thy penitence,
In traits of *Holiness*!

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matthew xix. 14.

Hark! in tones of richest feeling,
 Strains of more than mortal bliss,
 Hark! the hallowed chorus pealing,
 "For of such thy kingdom is!"

'Tis the song of cherub voices,
 Cherubs once of mortal birth;
 Their's the strain that thus rejoices—
 Little ones redeemed from earth!

Safe in glory with the Saviour,
 Sorrows drown'd in floods of bliss,
 Still they hear his voice of favor—
 "For of such my kingdom is!"

Say, that storm which nigh hath broken
 Yonder heart, why hush'd to peace?
 To that heart the Lord hath spoken,—
 "For of such my kingdom is!"

'Tis a mother that was weeping,
 Now serene she lifts her eye;
 And from where her babe is sleeping,
 Mounts in holy thought on high!

Cherub minstrels! softly swelling,
 Still resound your anthem, thus,
 Mourners! on it still be dwelling—
 "For of such thy kingdom is!"

ON A MOTHER'S LOSS OF HER FIRST BABE SOON AFTER BIRTH.

1834.

The hour was past—and, but for that low cry,
 (Strange music, and tho' sad, yet music true,
 To her whose rapture, then, exulting high,
 Forbade to weep, or gave her tears its hue,)
 That chamber, it had seem'd, but pleasure knew.
 But when, more faint the new-struck tones became,
 Her heart too fainted, and forebodings grew ;
 'Till, quench'd the spark that fed her rapture's flame,
 Her joy had perish'd with her own *new* name !

No more *a Mother* !—oh ! how short her bliss !

What fond repinings ! till maternal love,
 Surviving its dear object, lectures peace :—
 “ *My* joy was brief, but quick *its* flight above ;
 Brief woe it sipp'd, long pleasures it shall prove.”
 And thoughts besides she calls,—“ the hour of fear
 Is gone,—I live !—and *he*, than that sweet dove,
 Or life, more priz'd, my earthly all, is near :—
 What have I lost that may with this compare !”

And smiles so brightly beam amid her tears,

The cloud seems radiant with submission's bow ;
 'Till kindred come, and voice of friends she hears,
 Then, while each look and word reveals—*they* know
 That they no *joy*, that she no *babe* may shew ;
 From gaze receding, as some ill were done,
 Her sorrows then, how swiftly *then* they flow !
 Alas ! griefs many are beneath the sun,
 And cold the heart that marvels thine is *one* !

But He who hears in sighs no melody,
Save as the prelude to a future song,
Perhaps has yet a *Mother's bliss* for thee ;
And would, by teaching that to make more strong,
Or snap its thread,—is His,—its stay prolong.
For so *frail* flowers we learn to tend the best,
And twice delight in for the rude wind's wrong,
And burning blast escap'd,—the truth impress'd,
That they and our joys in them hang on heav'n's
behest !

“A FRIEND LOVETH AT ALL TIMES.”

Written for a Friend, (a Bachelor,) to present to a newly-married couple.

1830.

When earth and skies alike are gay,
When dew-drops flash with sparkling ray,
When insects flit like living gems,
When meanest flowers seem diadems,
When ocean looks a flood of light,
When hills, like mounts of gold, are bright,
And when the earth and sky, in gloom,
And dew-drops, dank, forbode the tomb,
And insects crawl like things unclean,
And fairest flowers seem poor and mean,
And moaning ocean sadly rolls,

And hills seem towers for prison'd souls,—
In all that mingled sad and gay,
The sun has ne'er forsaken day.

Nor you, my friends ! while favor breathes
His sweetest tones, and pleasure wreathes
For you, her brightest bays of bliss,
And your's appears the home of peace ;
Nor when, (if heaven should so decree
That favor die and pleasure flee ;)
Your mutual joy shall yield to woe,
And mutual sorrows mingling flow,
And your's no more of peace the home,
“ Bochim,”—*a place of tears*, become :
May I forget, for kindness shewn
To me, amid the world, *alone* !
Or cease, whatever skies impend,
Through every scene, to prove *your* friend.

But cold the heart, and treacherous too,
Its deep recesses shrink from view ;
Nor eye, save His whose eye can trace
The faintest lines in darkest place,
Can tell how feebly drawn may prove
The tablatures of earthly love ;
Or know what perils hover round
The altar, where its flame is found.
But He who bids the ruby glow,
The diamond beam in caves below,—
Can make pure friendship's ardours shine,
Uncheck'd, within this heart of mine :
And teach its *constant* flame to rise
For *you*, in wishes to the skies.

SONNETS.

DAY.—A DESCRIPTIVE SONNET.

1831.

Forth from his dark recess, the Monarch came,
 And things that frown'd before began to smile ;
 Yet, void of regal pomp he moved awhile,
 'Till, rising o'er his path, a brilliant flame
 Of glory shone, emblazoning his name.
 And then began his pageantry,—and then
 Innumerable swarm'd the busy tribes of men.

And brief altho' his sway, were deeds of shame :
 Alas ! not few,—a few of honour, done.

Births, deaths, were many, many rose to fall,
 When, 'ere they knew, the Monarch's course was run :

Nor ought remain'd of splendour, save o'er all,
 (Gorgeous and vast, of wond'rous texture spun,)
 To tell how glory fades—a sable pall.

THE SAME IN OTHER WORDS.

Advancing softly from the sway
 Of darksome night, comes cheerful day ;
 The gloom departs, the sun-beams glow,
 And life pervades the scene below.
 The lives began, the courses run,
 The deeds of vice and virtue done,
 The joys, the griefs,—ah ! who shall say,
 The destinies that crowd each day ?
 Yet brief its span, and soft its flight,
 Before we think, o'erhangs the night,
 Fit time for meditation given—
 To turn from earth, and muse on heaven.

CHARITY,

“——— shall hide the multitude of sins.”

1832.

Exposed, unclad, of want the prey,
 A weeping infant wounded lay :
 Touch'd by its plaint, a matron came,
 And soon the wretched outcast prest,
 Its wailings hush'd, and wash'd away
 Defilement from its shivering frame ;
 And swath'd its bleeding limbs, and drest,
 With careful effort to conceal
 The wounds, she could not wholly heal.
 Ah ! who that work of love could see,
 And think not there—herself was she—
 Who dwells not pleas'd on marks of shame,
 But wipes out all that purged may be,
 And *veils the rest*—sweet CHARITY.

 THE MIND ITS OWN STANDARD.

1838.

A voice—the voice of God, bids all “obey !”
 But where and when the dictate? Wouldst thou be
 To me an umpire? or shall I to thee?
 Then God is slighted—is it not so? say,

For then *we* rule, and He no more has sway,
 And heaven is robbed by feigned humility !
 But thou, may be, art elder—grave and wise,
 Deep-read in varied lore, and quick of mind,
 And practised well to see where duty lies :—
 Allowed—and, even as I lift my eyes
 Above, in reverence, I list to thee,
 Since thou, perchance, mayst truth's hard coil
 unwind :
 Yet still *my* mind is *final* rule to me— [free !
 Whom God commands must needs from man be

ELOQUENCE.

1838.

Give praise to Eloquence! 'tis lawful fire.
 But, when thou laudest, be it not forgot
 That words but mirror what themselves are not.
 'Tis true that music sleeps where sleeps the lyre :
 Approve the shadow then, but be aware
 Thy praise is idol-worship, stopping there.
 Sounds picture *being*—nor, apart, are aught.
 Some are not eloquent—so thou mayst ween ;
 But, couldst thou hear them, in their high debate
 Of soul, in converse with the things unseen,
 Henceforward thou shouldst say—(thy praise trans-
 That sensuous ear hears but the *delegate*; [ferr'd)
 And Eloquence lives where no ear hath heard
 Or voice, or cry, or call, or thrilling word !

RESULTS OF SCRIPTURAL KNOWLEDGE.

Isaiah chap. li. 5.—xlii. 4.

Written for recital by one of the scholars, at the anniversary meeting of
a Sunday School.

1831.

Rich are the fruits autumnal suns prepare,
And sweet the fragrance vernal breezes bear ;
But rich the fruit and sweet the breezes more,
Compar'd with winter's blast and tasteless store.
So times of darkness that have pass'd away,
Remember'd rightly, may illume to-day ;
And grateful memory may extract delight,
And bask in sunshine gather'd from the night.
Then back, my soul ! to scenes and days of yore,
In hallow'd thought, the painful past explore ;
Fetch the dark back-ground of a former age,
And on it trace thy present heritage.
Nor fail, if "*pleasant lines*" have fall'n to thee,
His hand to bless who bade the shadows flee.
And "*pleasant lines*" to tell of,—have I not ?—
"*A goodly heritage,*" * a favor'd lot ?
When rapt Isaiah spake Jehovah's word,
And told the coming triumph of the Lord :
What was thy land, oh ! Britain ! but a den
Of souls imbruted in the forms of men ?
Methinks I witness the prophetic gaze,—
O'er the blue waters, far and wide it strays ;
The isles, thick studding, meet his kindling eye,
Each isle affianced to idolatry.

* Psalm xvi. 6.

He speaks,—I tremble—heav'n's avenging rod
Waits but the voice, to wreak the curse of God.
But wrath is silent,—heard no harsh decree,
Thus saith the Lord, “the isles shall wait for me.”
Angels rejoice, and strains prelude sing,
The joy foretasting that those isles shall bring.
But there is *one*, bright sparkling on the breast
Of swelling ocean, fairer than the rest ;
An isle for beauty and majestic mein,
Enthron'd upon the waste as ocean's queen.
But gain her shores, no graceful crown she wears,
No moral vest, no righteous sceptre bears.
The subject crouches and the despot raves,
Each fears, none loves, and all alike are slaves.
Yet, leagued in common ignorance, agree
In idol-worship to subject the knee.
Deceiving and deceived, the hoary priest,
Calls to prepare for Baalim the feast ;
And swift, immingled with the victim's cries,
Ascends the incense of base sacrifice.
Mothers ! the objects of your earliest care,
Fathers ! your first-born are the victims *there*.

With glens of beauty, and with mines of wealth,
All that might minister to ease and health ;
The soil neglected, and its sons debased,
Ruin claims empire o'er the barren waste.
But God had spoken, and Jehovah saw
This island *waiting* for his promis'd law ;
Nor fail'd the promise,—when the time was come,
Came the blest messenger and found a home.
“Believe on Jesus !” Saviour slain for thee !

To each, to all he cries,—“ His grace is free !
 “ *Him* worship, love, serve, follow and obey,
 “ As brethren live, and look for endless day.”
 The wond’ring savage heard the words of life,
 And felt within him check’d the soul of strife ;
 The warrior, calm’d, in awe-struck silence stood,
 And sheath’d the blade athirst for human blood.
 The spring was touch’d of feelings noblest, best,
 And new and grand emotions fill’d the breast ;
 The savage laid his savageness aside,
 The lofty chief abjured his wonted pride ;—
 The arts arose, and industry essay’d,
 (Nor vainly) to improve where sloth had prey’d.
 The light of knowledge grew from day to day,
 ’Till, (ages past) the gloom too pass’d away ;
 And that once savage isle the land became,
 That Britons, of all lands, delight to name.

IMPROVIDENT LIBERALITY.

Luke vii. 36, &c.—xxi. 2, &c.

Oh ! why in such impetuous haste
 That vase of snowy beauty fray ?—
 Why on yon guest, thus, lavish, waste
 That precious ointment ?—Mary, stay !

And thou, poor, widow’d, lonely one !
 Why thus at once exhaust thy store ?

Keep back thy mites,—'tis their's alone
To give, whose days have prosper'd more.

Nay, check them not,—whate'er the glow
Of love to heav'n that warms the breast ;
The gift that best its warmth may show
That, in the eye of heav'n, *is* best.

Ye coldly prudent, worldly wise !
Him whom they *love*, if ye but *knew*,
'Twould task ye less to mete the skies,
Or weigh the earth, than *count* his due.

For me, the reck'ning of the heart,
That *feels*, not *asks*, Lord ! what is thine ;
And measures what it *should* impart
By what it has to give—be mine !

HOPE.

“ ——— let me not be ashamed of my hope.”—Ps. cxix. 116.

1832.

Hope, like the cheerful daisy spreads,
The field of life with smiles,
And, be it vice, or virtue treads,—
Still Hope each foot beguiles.

With open breast and upward eye,
The gentle flower expands,

And blooms alike when poverty,
Or wealth its bloom demands.

And Hope is like—yet if thou stray,
And honor be forgone,
Think not that in the judgment day
’Twill serve that Hope lur’d on.

Oh! purpose not such pleading *there*,
Lest life’s recording hours
Bring to thee fuel for despair
From Hope’s insulted flowers.


But rather say, lest they should see
What thou might’st wish forgiven,
That, as the daisy’s, so shall be,
Thine eye full fixed on heaven.

JAMAICA, IN 1832.

Oh ! tremble not ye friends of freedom’s cause,
Tho’ freedom’s march a moment seems to pause ;
And heavier thrall and deeper shame awhile
Invest the forms of manhood in yon isle.
And Afric’s sons, like sons of men no more,
Their brute-like service render as before.
Have ye not heard when forest tree-tops shake,
That then their roots a firmer holding take ?—

Nor heard that when the ocean is at rest,
And heav'n is mirror'd on its smiling breast,
That then the spirit of the storm is nigh,
And mingling perils marshall in the sky?
Tho' droops again the Negro's head,
Strength thro' his kindling veins is shed,—
The longing to be free :—
Tho' passionless he clanks his chain,
Nor seems to count its mark a stain,
Or care for liberty,
'Tis but that manhood, pent to day,
May gather strength to burst away,
No more enslaved to be!

Oh! tremble not, ye friends of holy men!
Tho' scorn abides them now, and deep disdain,
Tho', misconceived their self-denying love,—
Home, comforts left,—false tongues against them
move,
And, shepherds spoiled in hatred's vengeful war,
Their flocks dispersed, they wander wide and far.
Have ye not heard where Etna's lavas flow,
That there more rich the teeming vineyards grow?
Nor heard, when bursts, o'er Egypt's plain, the Nile,
That then the waste is soon ordained to smile;
And, more enriched, the late-invaded soil,
Bright fruits arise, nor ask the aid of toil?
Tho' scorned, disgraced, the scoff, the cry
Of hate, and spite, and mockery,
'Tis with the righteous well!
Tho' now, perforce, they hide, they fly,
Their labour lost to human eye,



The harvest soon shall swell;
And sowers glad with reaper's share
A mutual joy, while songs declare
Dissolved the tyrant's spell!

Oh! tremble not, ye friends of truth! tho' now
Unblushing falsehood bares its brazen brow,
And, heard no more the gospel's hallowed theme,
To kill its heralds righteous service seem;
And where, till late, was preached Christ's sacrifice,
The preacher's blood, as fit oblation, rise!
Have ye not heard of plants that, trampled, grow,
And, trodden, *most* their healing virtues show?
Nor heard of chords that yield their *sweetest* tone,
Not gently touched, but to the wind's wild moan,
Their purest notes, their softest music borne;
When day's departing sigh invites to mourn?
Tho', spurned "the wisdom of the just,"
Truth lies uprooted in the dust,
 'Tis not so long to be!
Tho' strong appear its deadly foes,
And weak its friends, and come its close,
 Its rise is heaven's decree!
And soon, revived, shall wave its head,
While Afric's sons beneath its spread,
Sing '*Afric's sons are FREE!*'

FREEDOM.

1834.

A captive in its folds
It held, but no more holds:—
'Tis burst!—the *bud* is gone,
And, free, the *flower* is blown.


Impatient, long it kept
What now its bounds hath swept;—
The *dike* is forced! and, free,
The *river* leaps in glee.

And what things free but token
That bonds are *not*, or *broken*?
Or binds, but proof must be
Of struggle to be free?

God!—*nothing* Him *restrains*;
The blest—have *burst* their *chains*:
And who that hears the sound
Of gyves, but mourns *the bound*?

Then slavery! fouled with blood!
Thou freedom art *in bud*;
And blight, where may, thy power
There liberty shall *flower*.

Thy despot hand prepares
But suicidal snares;
The torrent held at bay,
Is gathering strength to slay.



And soon, where'er thy reign,
 The flood shall thee disdain;
 And prove, as, blithe, it flows,
 Thou Freedom wert in throes.

For what things free but token
 That bonds are *not* or *broken*?
 Or binds but proof must be
 Of struggle to be free?

SLANDER.

Swift as a weaver's shuttle flew
 Their evil speaking round,
 And each a thread of slander drew,
 Till friend and foe and kindred too,
 On the speckled woof were found.

But one there was—a reverend man—
 Who blamed that careless glee;
 And thus it was his chiding ran,
 Seeming as tho' 'twere heaven's ban,
 “As ye mete, to you shall be!”

And is it so—for sire and son,
 Wife, husband, servant, lord,—
 That thus the streams of mercy run,
 And each, as each himself hath done,
 Shall, at last, receive award?

Have I, by light, or thoughtless word,
 On others set the brand?
 So shall the tale of me be heard,
 And wherein I, or mine have err'd,
 By the scornful tongue be scann'd!

And more—in that revealing day,
 When words shall all revive,
 And retribution, stern, display
 Her awful form, *my words* shall say,
 'Strike—the slanderer may not live!'

My spirit sank, but thus he plied
 Again his sacred lore—
 "It was for thee that Saviour died,
 Who, when reviled, 'forgive them,' cried—
 Believe! and thy guilt is o'er."

Oh! Lamb of God! my spirit's might!
 My hopes revive in thee;
 Yet since Thy words must *all* be right,
 Oh! let *me* judge as in Thy sight,
 Who art soon *my* Judge to be!

BEZA'S EPITAPH ON LUTHER.

ORIGINAL.

Roma orbem domuit; Roma sibi Papa subegit;
 Viribus illa suis; fraudibus iste suis;



Quanto isto major Lutherus, major et illa,
 Istum illamque uno qui domuit calamo!
 I nunc Alciden, Græcia mendax,
 Lutheri ad calamum ferrea clava nihil.

TRANSLATION, 1833.

Rome ruled the world; the Pope made Rome obey;
 By force she gained, by treachery he, the sway:
 How far was Luther more than either great
 Whose single pen controlled their double weight!
 Henceforth, Greek Fiction! be thy fame concealed,
 Alcides' club to Luther's pen must yield.

CHEERFULNESS.

"As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool."
 Eccles. vii. 6.

1833.

Lo! beneath the caldron, clear,
 Speeds the busy fire its task,
 But the noisy crackling there,
 Tells it good, or ill, I ask?

Much of ill that sounding tells,
 Ruin in its rise and course;

Louder, for the waste, it swells,
Nothing serving by its force.


Thus the joy of folly fumes
From the elements of death;
And, the nearer ruin comes,
Noisier grows its empty breath.

Rather let *my* cheerfulness
Be like note of birds in spring,
And of new-born happiness,
And of future pleasures sing.

Be it like the hum of bees,
Telling glad of wholesome toil;
Or, like gale of southern breeze,
Cheering all the parching soil !

Or, like chrystal fountain's glee,
Or, like babbling streamlet's play,
Let it tell of purity,
In its source and on its way.

Such the cheerfulness be mine,
Telling inward conquests won,
Beams upon the heart that shine,
And a joyous course to run !



PEACE WITHIN.

1833.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."—
Isaiah xxvi. 3.

To have one's wishes, yet to keep desire
Within the circle wisdom may require,
The will unfettered, yet the conscience clear,—
Oh! bliss of angels! may such lot be here?
Hark! 'tis the voice of Truth—"on *me* depend,
And perfect peace shall all thy ways attend!"

FAITH.

1834.

Wouldst thou know what is Faith?
Hast thou a powerful friend?
Canst thou on *all* he saith,
In *every* case, depend?

Do icy terrors chill?
And *can* thy friend relieve?
And, if he say, "I will,"
Dost thou his word believe?

If death o'erhang with doom,
And bodings banish ease,

Canst thou smile thro' the gloom,
If he, thy friend, say "Peace?"

Then *this* is what is Faith,—
To trust, believe, depend—
So rest on Him who saith
"I am the sinner's *Friend*!"

LIFE.

"For what is your life? it is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." James iv. 14.

What is Life? 'tis a vapour, a phantom, a spray:
Does the vapour then die when it passes away?
No! it lives in the soft zephyr's odorous breath,
Or it broods in the cloud that betokens of death;
It has left but the scene of its *visible* show:—
Then where may the vapour of *life* pass, if so?
Ah! me, what a thought! my life it shall flee
Like a vapour, but *then*, oh! where *then* shall it be?
Shall its powers assist in the triumphs of heaven,
Or to swell the sad sighs of the banished be given?

SEPTUAGENARY HYMN.

Sung at a Family Meeting on the *Seventieth* Birth-day of the Author's
Father.

JULY 30, 1836.

As, when the evening's sober light
Veils earth in pensive guise,

And tells of coming, darker night,
It heralds star-lit skies,—

So, tho' old age in shadows merge
All life's most sunny hours,
And mark its *close*, its shade may verge
On heaven's unwithering bowers.

If, in the way of righteousness,
The hoary head be found,
It only droops, ere long, with bliss
And honour to be crowned.

Sing to the Lord! whose strong right hand,
The same thro' endless years,
Responds to every saint's demand,
And, still, unwearied, bears.*

Sing to the Lord! whose grace, unchanged,
Tho' changeful be the heart;
Provides, tho' faith be oft estranged,
No change from Him shall part.

The Saints in Christ, and Christ in God,—
The God who ever lives,—
Tho' Earth shall pass and Nature nod,
Their life, untouched, survives.

Then, rise our praise! and, with the song,
Prayer for the hoary head,
That heaven its gifts may yet prolong,—
Those best, the latest shed.

* Isaiah xlii. 4.

When earthly objects all are dull,
And *mortal* names forgot,
Be then the heart with glory full,
And "Jesus" fill each thought!

MATRIMONY.


1833.

When heaven to man, its bliss below
Designing to impart,
Gave Woman, did not heaven know
The gift would pierce his heart?

Ah! yes, full well the sin, the fall,
The course of varied ill,—
The power that gave foresaw them all,
Yet gave in kindness still.

The stronger he, if lured by her,
Alone his strength would yield,
And, unrestrained, his footsteps err,
His griefs remain unhealed!

If, upright, he should hold his way,
Her love would crown his bliss;
If error drive his joys away,
Would woo again his peace.



The gift was good for joy, or woe;
And still, as then, so now,
A wife the hands of God bestow
Is man's best dower below.

But think not, sons of men! to find
“*A wife*” when passion guides;
Nor when cold caution fills the mind,
And icy care presides.

A wife whom *heaven* has sent is *loved*,
And *worthy* so to be,
And his alone a choice approved,
Whose love finds *sympathy*.

Blest those who see, in mutual worth,
And taste, in mutual love,
That crowning cup to joys of earth,—
The eyes of God approve!

Like flowers, in sunshine, gay, they bloom,
While beams with beauties blend,
And wear alike the mien of gloom,
When weeping showers descend.

Help-meets, they aid each other's course,
As streams to ocean run;
Each from the other gathering force,
Their end and progress one.

Their joys from God derived, above,
Their daily vows arise;

So, upward, evening's odours move
From drops of morning skies.

Conjoined by ties that hold the mind,
When mortal bonds are riven,
In concord here, the pledge they find
Of endless bliss in heaven!

MUSIC.


1 Samuel xvi. 23—xviii. 10, 11.

1834.

Oh! David, touch thy magic harp,
For darkening clouds have come.
The royal pomp, the proud array
Are vain,—oh! wake some soothing lay,
And quickly charm, or chase away
The vengeful fiend of gloom.

And David touched his harp, and woke
Sweet music slumbering there:
And now its notes mellifluent swell,
And now in plaintive cadence tell,
That harmony her finest spell
Hath wrought of joy and care.

Of laughing pleasures, pure and bright,
Of quiet griefs it told:



The smiles and tears its tones recal
Of life's young dewy morn, till, all
The son of Kish revived in Saul,
His crown forgot its hold.

But, ceased the strain—the harp is still;
And mark the monarch's brow:
The peace that seemed his spirit there,
Come out the hallowed strains to hear,
As one is wont, for music near,
To issue forth,—where now?

Alas! no *dwelling* calm was there;
'Twas but an angel, staid—
The sounds that checked its gentle flight,
And, erewhile, chained it to the sight
In that late look of peace and light,
Had but the dark one laid.

No! music is *but* music still,
Not joy itself, or peace:
These are the soul's own soul—the signs
Of harmony concealed, divine;
Still playing, tho' no sound incline
To sleep and *dream* of bliss.

And vain were all the minstrel's skill,
The chords unmeet for sound;
His hand must string—and so the soul,
The *Master's* hand must tune the whole,
And all its powers Himself control,
If melody be found.

Else, tho' no inward discord rage,
And passions seem disarmed,
The calm is but a traitor's smile,—
The soul of Saul, entranced awhile,
But inly cradling deathful guile
Against the power that charmed.

TO A LITTLE GIRL

REQUESTING THE WRITER TO "MAKE HER SOMETHING
OUT OF HIS OWN HEAD."

JANUARY, 1836.


THE REQUEST.

You have asked me to "make something out of my
head,"

And I wish what you ask I could do,
So that, when it came "out," it might justly be said,
'It is beautiful as it is true.'

But although I shall fail, yet, with such a desire,
A poll-parrot you never would sue,
Just because, though it talked, yet it could not aspire
To the "beautiful," or to the "true."

And this, *this* is the reason, the sole reason why
We have more than the brutes have to do;
They can hold no communion, as you may, and I,
With the beautiful and with the true.



They can fly, they can run, they can eat, they can drink,
And take pleasure, as we may take too;
But they cannot, like us, of a better world think,
Where the beautiful dwells, and the true.

Then I pray you, my dear little girl, to reflect,
Brutes in this differ chiefly from you,—
That they cannot, as you can, both seek and expect
A world beautiful *ever* and true!

JOY.

“Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy.”—Eccl. ix. 7.

1839.

Oh! folly in a world like this
To bow the head!
The sun-lit hill, the vale of peace,
Love, music—countless springs of bliss—
All seem to bid thee lightly tread
Where sights and sounds of pleasure lead,
And sing, reproving,—‘wherefore go
As if thou heardst some note of woe?’


Above, below, around thee shine
Bright gems of mirth,
Each shewing by its sparkling sign
Where gladness dwells in jewelled shrine.

All climes have joys—all tongues of earth
Have given their *own* pæans birth,
And seem to ask thee—‘wherefore go
As if thou heardst a note of woe?’

If earth suffice not, look on high;
A glorious throng
Salutes thine ear and meets thine eye;
Oh! listen to that minstrelsy:—
Those tones shall be as sweet and strong,
While “ever” ever rolls along:
Then wherefore sign of sadness shew
As if thou heardst some note of woe?

Forbear!—I love the beams that rest
On sunny mound;
But has not earth one clouded breast
Where light is a forbidden guest?
I know full well delights abound;
But see I not they die around?
Forgive then, if my way I go
As one who hears a note of woe.

I know—who better?—beauty here
Is largely shed.
But gems lie trodden; flowers lie sere;
And tho’ all climes have smiles to cheer,
I can but see dark sorrows tread,
And slaves where *men* should lift the head:
Then wherefore ask me why I go
As one who hears a note of woe?




I *know* they do not weep in heaven;
 But there the bliss,
 Unmixed and full, to *all* is given,
 And sighs were wrongs—day fears no even—
 But realms there are *not* realms of peace;
 And sounds there are of bitterness;
 Why marvel then if I should go
 As one who *hears* those notes of woe?

It is ~~not~~ pride—it is not scorn,
 Or thanklessness,
 (However thick sweet flowers)—to mourn
 In measure as prevails the thorn.
 Nor is there wrong, in world like this,
 To virtue or just happiness,
 If *pleasure* touch her viol so
 That one may catch the notes of *woe*.

PUBLIC VIRTUE PROPORTIONED TO PUBLIC LIBERTY.

1839.

Virtue hath praise of all; and all men say
 'Twere well if all men followed in her train,
 And every clime confessed her genial sway:
 But—oh! his folly—oft would man enchain
 The foot all earnest virtue's path to gain:



For what *is* virtue, save *the heart all free*
To follow truth?—But *where* is truth?—abstain,
 Nor proudly dictate, or its place decree,
 Or bar the glorious search when men would *seek and see*.


Freedom is virtue's life,—and is it ill?
 Deny it space, yet ask the spacious sea;
 Invoke the lyre, yet bid its chords be still;
 Or chain the breeze, yet ask the zephyred lea.
 Oh! *where* were virtue found if none were free?
 Or *what?*—a swallow's cry?—a babbling sound?
 Nay! less—a shadow?—a non-entity!
 Then, as thou lovest virtue, tell around
 That where the freeman treads is virtue's shallow'd ground.

So may we note the softening course of man,
 Whom forests dense, the beast, and, fiercer far,
 The savage—had cooped up in fearful span.
 What nightly dread! what daily bruits of war!
 Yet wider grows the circle, till the star
 Of enterprise has reached a clearer sky.
 Then less the perils, frequent less the jar
 Of foes incursive—further fields they try,
 And flocks and flowers extend till fears, with deserts, die.

“WEAK THINGS.”

1 Cor. i. 27—29.

Scorn ye earth's weak ones? Her “weak things” in
 warning,—
 Vines as they cluster, and streams as they flow,



118 IMPROMPTU ON BOARD A STEAM PACKET.

Mists robed in beauty—reprove the proud scorning,
Crying—‘Beware! how ye frown on the low!’

Is there not life in the vine for thy fainting?
Will not the streamlet, in thirst, make thee bow?
Shall not the cloud which the rose-light is painting,
Teach thee to blush for thy scorn of the low?

See!—the land darkens, and earthquakes are rocking
‘Finished’ redemption and hell’s overthrow—
Tell, who the victor? The same they are mocking;
Lo! ’tis the LORD! while they deem Him the *low*!

Scorn ye no more—the best blessings that shower,
Wrap them where thoughts of the proud never go:
So, *in their time*, may the weak bring forth power;
So may the haughty be helped by the low!

IMPROMPTU ON BOARD A STEAM-PACKET,

SUGGESTED BY THE COURSE OF THE THAMES BETWEEN THE
BEAUTIFUL SHORE OF KENT AND THE BARREN SHORE OF
ESSEX.

JULY, 1839.

The stream flows on—on either side is seen
A barren shore or one of ‘living green:’

And life is so—yet differing widely here;—
The shores of life are not as they appear:
Where beauty *seems* 'tis often base disguise;
And where *no* beauty seems true beauty lies.
Wouldst thou know when to choose the better part?
Go seek the 'eye-salve'* that affects the *heart*,
And sets the *feelings* and *affections* free,
Where *truth* is found, the fair and good to see.

INGRATITUDE—A PORTRAIT.

I saw a liberal hand with richest bounty bless
A being it had raised from darksome nothingness,
I saw that being spurn the power that gave it life,
And lift its borrowed strength against that power in
 strife.

I saw the rebel fall, as *such* an ingrate must,
Of all his honours shorn, inglorious in the dust;
And there, unwitting, lie, or should his life be spared,
Or doomed to deeper shame by Him whom he had
 dared.

Nor ray of hope appeared, nor gleam of future bliss;
To lie unnoticed there—too much were even this;

* Rev. iii. 18.

For, such the law that bound the vanquished and his
King—

Full vengeance *that* must bear, or *this* the ransom bring.

The wretch in horror waits—but oh! transcendent deed!
Tho' vengeance called for blood, I saw the Victor bleed,
And every drop of life that issued from his side,
Dropped healing on the wounds of him for whom he
died.

Astonished hosts admired! but, lifting up his head,
He, he for whom alone that generous blood was shed,
Beheld the scene unmoved!—tho' tell it scarce I can,
That wondrous Friend was GOD—that rebel ingrate
Man!

PHILANTHROPY AND PATRIOTISM.

1839.

“ Wisdom is justified of her children.”

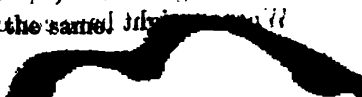
My fellow-man! I love thee,
Perverse altho' thou art,
And tho' I may but move thee,
To spurn a glowing heart.
PHILANTHROPY suspects me
Because I care for *home*;
And PATRIOTS reject me,
Because my wishes *roam*.

But 'midst unkind surmises,
 I keep the goal in view :—
 From every cloud arises
 A light to cheer the true.
 And reason thus replieth—
 Who loves his land of birth,
 Within his heart deep lieth
 A well-spring for the earth.

And love to man, comprising
 The climes that stretch away,
 At home must have its *rising*,
 And *there* its richest sway.
 Philanthropy—the presence,
Diffusive, of the flower;
 The Patriot's love—its *essence*,
 Its concentrated power.

Forbear then from accusing,
 Because my wishes fly,
 Like radiance refusing
 Within its orb to die.
 But, trust me, the best lover
 Of man *as* man shall come
 The promptest to discover—
 In need—his love for *Home*.

For love is *truth*—and never
 Is recreant to its name,
 But, like its Source, is ever
 Unchangeably the same.



If *thine* is not to falter—
 A love for storms to prove—
 Go, light it where its altar
 Is purest—"God is love!"

 MY CREED.

1838.

"Lord! I believe: help thou mine unbelief."

That God is Infinite and One;
 That God is good, and Christ *His* Son;
 That Christ is God; the Spirit too;—
 All three *One* living God and true—
 This I believe!

That God made heaven and earth and sea;
 That all things are by Him that be;
 That He shall reign while time shall last;
 That time shall come when time hath past—
 This I believe!

That still, when time hath past away,
 Blest subjects yet shall own His sway,
 And praise untiring tongues engage,
 More jubilant from age to age—
 This I believe!

That songs of loudest praise shall flow,
 Whence might have come loud wails of woe,

And spirits 'Holy! holy!' cry,
Whom justice might have doomed to die—
This I believe!


For I believe, by right, we died
When Adam wrongly heaven defied,
And happiness and freedom gave
To buy himself as satan's slave—
This I believe!

That when he fell—his sentence done—
No race of his had seen the sun;
But, blotted out, his blotted name
Had borne no witness to his shame—
This I believe!

That, but for love as passing high
As man's untold iniquity,
A ransom finding whence alone
A PRICE *could* come—all hope were gone—
This I believe!

That GOD was *this*;—that thus we live;
That still must man repent, believe,
Stretch out his hand and *take* the good,
As Adam freely *took* the "food"—
This I believe!

That, when 'tis said—'believe!—repent!'—
Mercy has said what Wisdom meant,
And man *can* do as God commands,
God asking only truth's demands—
This I believe!



That, as salvation comes from heaven,
So faith itself is freely given;
But still that man must *seek* relief,
And God, unasked, gives *not* belief—
This I believe!

That, loth to come, the soul remains,
Until the Father's love constrains;
Yet, crying not,—‘ Lord! *draw* my heart’—
The Lord will never grace impart—
This I believe!

And I believe, were man to cry
‘ Save, Lord!’—by secret power on high,
And first, *constrained*, lift suppliant prayers,
That man were not what God declares—
This I believe!

I do believe ’twere wrong to heaven
To say its blessings, freely given,
Were honored more, rejected still,
Than freely *taken* at free-will—
This I believe!

That *so* they say who hold it true
That heaven were robbed of glory due,
Should rebels, humbling, *FREELY* yield
Before *compelled* to quit the field—
This I believe!

I do believe ’twere honor done
To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son

Far *more*, to say that 'man *obeys*,'
 Than—'God *in* man man's action sways'—
 This I believe

Yet, when the will of man is right,
 God works within—as, when the light
 Beams beauty, that sweet light fulfils
 His pleasure who *all* brightness wills—
 This I believe!

Not that I do not hold 'tis love
 That sweetly draws the heart above,
 As light enlightens all around,
 Yet not till *after* entrance found—
 This I believe!

Thou knockest at my heart—Thy word
 Cries 'Open!'—I reply, 'Come, Lord!'
 But, if thou *makest* me say, 'come,'
 'Tis Thou, not I, that bade thee home—
 This I believe!

I am a worm, but, tho' I be,
 A worm has life, a worm is free:
 Not free to act, the worm that creeps,
 Creeps *not*—is acted *on*—and sleeps—
 This I believe!

Tho' worm I be, 'twere better so,
 If lowest life more wisdom show,
 Than had I been a lifeless thing,
 Tho' seraph, moved by wheel and spring—
 This I believe!

That, if I seek Thee, Thou didst know,
Before all worlds, it would be so,
And purposed that the kindled spark
No will but mine should dim or dark—
This I believe!

That *in* Thy hand my soul shall live;
That *from* Thy hand no hand shall rive;
That, crying Lord! hold thou me up—
Nor earth nor hell shall mar my hope—
This I believe!

But yet, if I should say—tho' sin
O'ertake me, God hath shut me in;
Safe in the ark, I *cannot* die—
That thus to say would make God lie—
This I believe!

That, if I may not thus proceed,
One way alone His word must read—
' Elect are they that shall endure—
I change not—make your calling sure!—
This I believe!

Then may the righteous wholly fall?
Why ask, since heaven cries '*Watch!*' to all?
Wouldst thou be safe or safety *know*,
Thou still must *watch*, say yes! or no!
This I believe!

' Abide in me; my word fulfil—
My arm is strong, and good my will—

Abide!—*so* shalt thou ever be
My own'—kind words of grace *to me!*
This I believe!

No! never, Lord! wilt *Thou* forsake;
Then take thy wayward servant, take.
Thy Spirit give; thy grace impart,
So cords of love shall *bind* my heart.
This I believe!

Blest Rock of Ages! Thou wilt bear,
Unmoved, the foot that trusts thy care,
Nor storms shall hurt, nor lightnings scathe,
Nor aught remove me, asking faith.
This I believe!

Then what shall best His praise declare,
Whose love *permits* a sinner's prayer?
This prayer—so let me hear Thy voice,
That, as *Thy will* may be *my choice!*
This I believe!





Versions of Psalms.



VERSIONS

OF THE FIRST THIRTEEN PSALMS.

WHEN I wrote the following, I intended to proceed through the whole Book of Psalms. The specimens given may be sufficient to satisfy even my friends that I was not likely to produce such a version as would be acceptable to the public. But yet, perhaps, they have never considered the peculiar difficulties of the case. I believe there is not a satisfactory metrical version of the Psalms to the present hour. Two things are necessary, and these seem to be incompatible. The version should be alive with the spirit of poetry, but its writer must wholly repress imagination. He may invent nothing. However deeply he may enter into the *spirit* of the Psalmist, his *work* is simply to say what the Psalmist says—in another form—saying no other, no more, no less. If into this other form he can infuse the spirit of poetry; if, while expressing the same, and *only* the same thoughts, he can employ such words, and so manage them, as that the result shall be condensed and

melodious verse—well. But how few can write poetry who rigidly adhere to this principle of writing by rule, all the existing versions of the Psalms, that have professed to be strictly versions, and not paraphrases, may sufficiently testify to those who are acquainted with them. That I wrote mine sixteen years ago might be some apology, if years should increase skill and teach wisdom. I set about the task resolving that the sacred word should not be made the basis or vehicle of any thing extraneous to it. Therefore I indulged no fancies, and aimed to express only exactly what I found either in the English version, or by other means ascertained to be conveyed. If, then, my friends are not satisfied with the *poetry*, I hope they will remember the circumstances—and if any of them will versify the *same* Psalms, I shall be happy to derive from their labours whatever useful hints they may suggest. If I had to write them now, perhaps I might succeed better.


1839.



PSALM I. L. M.

- 1 Blest is the man whose prudent feet
Refuse to follow sinful guides;
Who will not stand where sinners meet,
Or sit where impious scorn presides.
- 2 But whose supreme, untired delight
Is in the law of God the Lord,
Revolving o'er by day and night
The sacred statutes of His word.
- 3 Like to some fruitful spreading tree,
Where copious streams refresh the ground,
No withering in his leaf shall be,
But prosperous all he does be found.
- 4 Not so are the ungodly—they,
Withheld by no restraining power,
Are like the chaff, which, driven away
Before the wind, is seen no more.
- 5 Therefore, they shall not stand the test
When judgment summons to appear,
Nor enter heaven's eternal rest,
When all the saints assemble *there*.
- 6 The Lord beholds with favoring eyes,
The way in which the righteous go;
But that of the ungodly lies
Direct for never-ending woe!

PSALM II.

- 1 Ah! why do the heathen thus rage?
What madness the people inflames?
What projects of fury engage?
For whom is the vengeance it aims?
- 2 The kings, against God, in array,
And rulers in council agree
Against His Anointed, and say,
“Come throw off His yoke and be free.”
- 3 The Ruler above shall deride,
The Lord their rebellion shall scorn;
The voice of His anger shall chide,
And sorely His wrath they shall mourn.
- 4 “Tho’ madly ye rage, I ordain
“That He against whom ye rebel,
“In Zion, my city, shall reign,
“As King there for ever to dwell.”
- 5 Now hear ye the Lord and obey,
He says to me—“Thou art my Son;
“This day I’ve begotten thee—say
“What wilt thou? Thy will shall be done.
- 6 “Where heathens now mock my decree;
“Thy sceptre for ever shall sway;
“As iron that sceptre shall be,
“And dash them as vessels of clay.”
- 

- 7 Be wise then, ye great ones! give ear
To wisdom's admonishing voice;
The Lord your Creator revere,
And while ye revere Him, rejoice.
- 8 Conciliate quickly the Son,
Before his fierce anger arise,
Lest haply ye perish, undone,
Consumed by the wrath ye despise.
- 9 Blest only are they who repair
To Him as the mighty to save,
Who trust Him with every care,
And yield to Him all that they have!
-

PSALM III. C. M.

- 1 My foes, a fast-increasing host,
Assail my peace, oh Lord! ♦
And, taunting at my sorrows, boast
"He hath no help in God."
- 2 But Thou art still a shield for me,
My glory in my woe;
I lift my head, sustained by Thee,
Nor dread my fiercest foe.
- 3 When, pressed with cares, I sought His face,
Jehovah heard my cries,

And, from the treasures of His grace,
Commissioned quick replies.

4 Calmly I laid me down and slept,
Beneath His guardian power,
And waked to praise the God who kept
In peace my sleeping hour.

5 Nor shall there aught my soul appal,
Tho' thousand foes invade;
On Thee alone, my God! I call—
“ Arise with gracious aid.”

6 Abased their pride, behold they bow!
Subdued their vaunted might;
Thy hand hath laid the rebel low,
And crushed the arm of spite.

7 Be thine, oh Lord of Hosts! the praise,
To whom the power belongs;
Whose blessing crowns thy people's days,
And wakes their grateful songs.


PSALM IV.

1 Give ear, oh God of righteousness!
While at Thy feet I bow;
Thou hast enlarged in *past* distress,
In mercy hear me *now*.

- 2 How long will ye, oh sons of men!
With scorn my glory treat,
Yourselves enslaved by folly's reign,
And victims of deceit?
- 3 Know, trembling know, that God above,
Whose people ye despise,
Hath fixed on them His special love,
And He will hear my cries.
- 4 Then stand in awe—no longer sin,
Hold converse with your heart;
In secret silence look within,
Till conscience do its part.
- 5 With penitence the Lord address,
And seek His pardoning face
With offerings of righteousness,
And trust Him for His grace.
- 6 In search of pleasure many pine,
Still asking where it is—
Oh Lord! command Thy face to shine—
I seek no other bliss.
- 7 More gladness far hath filled my soul,
Beneath Thy smiles, oh Lord!
Than harvest, or the vintage bowl,
Could ever yet afford.
- 8 In peace I'll lay me down at night,
Reposing in Thy love,

Well satisfied the morning light,
Thy watchfulness will prove.

PSALM V. PART 1st.

- 1 My words, oh Lord! would fain ascend;
An ear of kind compassion lend;
Consider, too, tho' unexpressed,
The silent musings of my breast.
 - 2 Give ear, my King! my God draw nigh,
And listen to my fervent cry;
For unto Thee alone I pay
My worship, and to thee will pray.
 - 3 My voice shall gain Thy gracious ear,
While scarce the morning tints appear,
Yea, with the dawn, my soul shall rise
To pay its early sacrifice.
 - 4 For sin delights Thee not, my God!
Nor shall it enter Thine abode;
And fools before Thy glance shall flee,
Thou hater of iniquity!
 - 5 Thy fiercest vengeance shall ensue
On all who falsehood's path pursue;
And Thou wilt hold the man abhor'd,
Who thirsts for cruelty and fraud.
- 

- 6 But, as for me, sincere within,
Thro' sovereign mercy kept from sin,
Within Thy house will I appear,
And worship there with sacred fear.

PART 2nd.

- 7 Lead me, oh Lord! and let my ways
Be all devoted to Thy praise;
And, lest my watchful foes surprise,
Make straight Thy path before mine eyes.
- 8 No faithfulness their mouth contains
Fell wickedness within them reigns;
Their throat, wide-ravening as the tomb,
Betrays the victim to his doom.
- 9 Adjudge them, Lord, and let them find,
Themselves, the evils they designed;
From Thee expelled, by Thee abhorred,
Against whose kingdom they have warred.
- 10 But those that trust Thee let them raise
Loud songs to their Defender's praise,
And those that love Thy name rejoice,
In Thee the spring of all their joys.
- 11 For Thou wilt crown the righteous head
With blessings in abundance shed;
And every hour his steps surround
With favour as a shield around.

PSALM VI.

- 1 O Lord! if Thou correct my sin,
Rebuke me not in *wrath*;
Nor let Thy hot *displeasure* cause
The sorrows of my path.
- 2 Have pity on my trembling frame,
In mercy make me whole,
For e'en my very bones are vexed,
And anguish rends my soul.
- 3 But Thou, O Lord! how long wilt Thou
Permit this trying hour?
Return, and, for Thy mercy's sake,
Display Thy saving power.
- 4 For death no fond remembrance bears,
Nor thought of Thee retains;
And who, within the silent grave,
Shall sing Thee grateful strains?
- 5 Incessant groaning, deep and loud,
My fainting spirit wears;
My streaming eyes bedew my bed,
And wet my couch with tears.
- 6 My troubled eye, so oft suffused,
Is ceaseless sorrow's prey,
And sinks, thro' cruel foes oppressed,
With premature decay.



7 Hence! from me all ye slaves of sin;
For God hath seen my tears;
My loud entreaties he hath heard,
And will accept my prayers.

8 Confusion shall o'erwhelm my foes,
And trembling fear surprise;
Repulsed shall be their base designs,
And sudden shame arise.

PSALM VII. PART 1st.

1 My God! on Thee do I repose,
Oh save, and set me free from those
Who persecute my life;
Lest, with a lion's fury bent,
They tear my soul, in pieces rent,
While none regard the strife.

2 But, if upon my head there be
The guilt traducers feign to see;
If, with dissembling mood,
Evil for good I e'er returned—
(Yea, rather hath my spirit burned
To bless my foe with good:)

3 Then let the foe, with proud control,
Torment my persecuted soul,
And wreak his vengeful thirst;

Yea, spurned beneath his cruel sway,
E'en let him take my life, and lay
Mine honour in the dust.

4 Lord! in Thy sovereign wrath arise;
And let Thy mighty arm chastise
The malice of my foes:
Judgment hast Thou commanded—now,
Oh, righteous Lord! my Judge be Thou,
And scatter all my woes.

5 So, multitudes who seek redress,
Shall round Thy just tribunal press;—
For *their* sakes then, oh Lord!
Arise and judge them—as for me,
Behold my heart's integrity,
And *so* be thine award!

PART 2nd.

6 Oh Thou! the righteous God, whose eye
The very hearts and reins doth try;
Bid wickedness depart;
But shield the just with heavenly power.
My God! my Help! the strength and tower
Of every upright heart!

7 God is a righteous Judge, and strong;
'Tho' oft provoked, yet suffering long;
But let the sinner know,



If he refuse to turn, the Lord
Will shortly whet his glittering sword,
And bend th' avenging bow.

8 Prepared, and even aimed the dart,
To strike the persecutor's heart;
And hurl him to his fate;
Behold, he travails still with sin !
The dark conception formed within,
Appears in deeds of hate.

9 Entombed within the pit he made,
Lo! Justice visits on his head,
His own accursed ways!
Thy name, oh Lord! my soul shall bless,
In rev'rence of Thy righteousness,
And ever sing Thy praise.

PSALM VIII.

1 Oh Lord! our Lord! how far Thy name
Excels all other themes of fame;
Thou who above the heavens hast set
Thy glory so supremely great.

2 Endued by thee, even sucklings raise
Their voices in their Maker's praise,
That so thine awe-struck foes may know
The power that rules by means so low.

3 When I behold Thy works on high,
The heavens, the moon, the starry sky—
In matchless wisdom all ordained,
And all by wondrous power sustained.

4 Lord! what is man that *he* should be
So kindly borne in mind by Thee?
Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
To visit *him* shouldst deign to bow?


5 Scarce lower than the angels placed,
With dignity and honour graced,
In high pre-eminence arrayed,
He rules o'er all Thy hands have made.

6 Subjecting all beneath his feet,
To him Thou makest all submit;
The flocks and herds their homage yield,
Yea, every beast on earth's wide field:

7 The fowls that traverse æther thro',
And all the tribes of ocean too;
Oh Lord! our Lord! how far Thy name
Excels all other themes of fame.

PSALM IX. PART 1st.

1 My undivided heart, oh Lord!
To thee its grateful thanks would raise;



My tongue shall all Thy works record,
Thy wondrous works, thine endless praise.
And blest in Thee, supremely so,
My praises shall for ever flow.

2 My foes, repulsed and fain 'to fly,
Shall fall and fade before Thy sight,
For Thou, oh Lord! enthroned on high,
Maintain'st my cause, adjudging right.
At Thy rebuke the wicked fell,
Nor memory now 'their names can tell.


3 Vain foe! how art thou now 'abased;
Thy ruthless arm shall waste no more;
Ev'n as the cities thou hast razed,
So perished is thy boasted power.
But far above all change secure,
The Lord *for ever* shall endure.

4 For judgment God hath set His throne,
And perfect justice will accord
His sentence just, the world shall own,
And 'bow, submissive, to His word.
In trouble too, the Lord will be
A Refuge where the weak may flee.

5 And those who know Thy glorious name—
A name expressing love and power—
Will put their trust in Thee, and claim
Thy shelter when distresses lower:
For none wilt Thou resign to harm,
Who seek defence beneath Thine arm.

- 6 To Him who dwells in Zion sing!
His wondrous doings widely spread,
For soon His quest for blood shall bring
Confusion on the guilty head.
Nor then shall pass unnoticed by
The tyrant, or his victim's cry.

PART 2nd.

- 7 Oppressed by those that hate me, Lord!
On Thee my troubled spirit waits;
Have mercy Thou who hast restored
My frame from death's expanded gates:
So Zion's gates shall hear me raise
A song devoted to Thy praise.
- 8 In Thy *salvation* richly blest,
Its joys shall be my bosom's chief,
While overwhelming griefs arrest
The impious sons of unbelief,
For ever sinking, self-betrayed,
Engulphed within the pit they made.
- 9 The judgments which His wrath decrees,
The just, omniscient Lord declare;
Himself the wicked wondering sees,
Involved within his purposed snare;
And, thus, with sinners, doomed'to hell,
All who forget the Lord shall dwell.
- 10 Not always shall the mourner wail
O'er secret woes and hopes afar;
- 

Arise, Lord! let not man prevail,
But call the heathen to Thy bar,
And make the awe-struck nations own
They are but men—but men alone!

PSALM X.

- 1 Why art Thou, oh great Jehovah!
Thus in awful distance veiled?
Wherefore, in these times of trouble,
Thus in deepest shades concealed?
- 2 Merciless and proud, the wicked
Makes the helpless sufferer weep;
But, ere long, his own devices,
Sorrows on himself shall heap.
- 3 Now the wicked, vainly boasting,
Publishing his soul's desire;
Hails the covetous as blessed,
Tho' beneath Jehovah's ire.
- 4 Boldly impious, madly daring,
Lo! he will not seek the Lord;
All his proud imaginations
Uttering—'there is no God.'
- 5 Sinning ever, on he urges,
Heedless of Thy judgments near.

Proudly every foe despising,
As unworthy of a fear.

6 Thus, within his heart, he vaunteth,
‘ Nought shall make my spirit bow,
‘ Placed beyond the reach of sorrow,
‘ Future days shall be as now.’

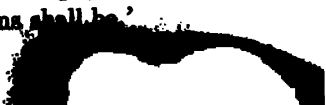
7 Full his mouth of impious cursing,
Treachery, deceit, and wrong,
Vanity and mischief joining,
Lurk beneath the flatterer’s tongue.

8 Where the quiet village dwellings
Seem to promise peace, he lies;
There against the guiltless plotting,
All his arts of murder plies.

9 Secretly his victims waiting,
Like the lion in his lair,
Lo! to catch the poor he lieth
Heedless of the hidden snare.

10 Crouching in dissembled weakness,
Lurks the monster to devour;
While the poor, no danger dreaming,
Fall the prey of treacherous power.


11 In his heart presumption whispers,
‘ God will never think of me,
‘ Mightier things by far engage him,
‘ Unobserved my sins shall be.’



- 12 Rise, oh Lord! display Thy power,
Graciously thine hand extend;
Do not Thou forget the humble,
Be their Refuge, be their Friend.
- 13 Wherefore doth the wicked brave Thee?
Vainly thus his heart relies—
God will never rise in judgment,
God will never scrutinize.
- 14 But already Thou hast witnessed,
Seen the mischief, marked the spite,
And, ere long, thine hand, impartial,
Righteously will all requite.
- 15 Well the poor, in Thee confiding,
Trusts Thine ever-plenteous grace;
Thou, who art the orphan's helper,
Bid the wicked's triumph cease.
- 16 Trace his sins till all discovered,
None escape Thy searching eye;
Surely God is King for ever!
Lo! the conquered heathen die.
- 17 Thou, oh Lord! hast heard the humble,
And his heart wilt Thou prepare
To present Thee such petitions
As Thine ear is set to hear.
- 18 When the fatherless implore Thee,
When the helpless seek Thy face,

Then wilt Thou command in thunder—
‘ Sons of earth! no more oppress.’

PSALM XI.

- 1 My trust is reposed on the Lord,
Then how, to my soul, do ye say
“ Fly, fly like a terrified bird,
“ And haste to your mountain away.
- 2 “ For lo! tho’ concealed their design,
“ To shoot at the upright in heart,
“ Their bow now the wicked have bent,
“ The arrow is ready to start.
- 3 “ Oh! think, should their malice succeed,
“ Their wishes and efforts be crowned,
“ And Hope’s firm foundations be moved,
“ Where then shall the righteous be found!”
- 4 Vain terrors! my confidence dwells
Far higher than malice can rise,
Where God in his temple resides,
The throne that is fixed in the skies!
- 5 Thence, piercing thro’ every heart,
His scrutiny each one awaits;
The righteous he tenderly tries,
The lover of violence hates.
- 

- 6 His wrath on the wicked will pour
Snares, fire and brimstone and woe,
One horrible tempest shall cause
The cup of their grief to o'erflow.
- 7 For God, who is righteous himself,
A Friend to the righteous will prove,
The upright He ever beholds,
And looks with an aspect of love.
-

PSALM XII.

- 1 Lord! be my helper, be my stay,
For scarce a godly man appears,
The faithful daily pass away,
And earth the faithless only bears.
- 2 Their social converse only vain,
Betrays the soul enslaved by sin;
With flattering lips their ends they gain,
Their purpose deep concealed within.
- 3 With flattering lips the Lord shall war,
And still the haughty boasters' tongue,
Who say, 'our tongue shall give the law,
Our lips are our's, we bow to none.'
- 4 To free from proud oppression's reign,
To soothe the helpless mourner's sighs,

To break the tyrant's galling chain,
Now, saith the Lord, will I arise.

5 And all Jehovah's words are pure
As silver tried and proved the best;
As silver that could well endure
The fierce, the fiery, sevenfold test.

6 Oh, Lord! Thy promise will not sleep,
Thy faithfulness will never swerve;
Thy saints, for ever, Thou wilt keep,
And free from every foe preserve.

7 Alas! when worthless men are found
Arrayed in dignity and power,
On every side the vile abound,
And triumph in the fav'ring hour.

PSALM XIII.

1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
For ever shall it be?
How long before, my joys restored,
Thy face again I see?

2 How long, o'erwhelmed with deep distress,
Perplexed shall I complain?
How long my cruel foes oppress?
Their power how long maintain?

3 Consider, Lord! with favour hear!
My God! behold my case!
Refresh mine eyes, lest sunk with care,
I sleep in death's embrace.

4 Hear, lest my foe exulting vaunt,
'Against him I prevail;'—
And those who for my downfal pant,
Rejoice to see me fail.

5 But confidence in thee, my Rest!
My fainting spirit buoys:
My heart, in Thy salvation blest,
Expands with heavenly joys.

6 And gratefully my songs shall rise,
To Thee my bounteous Lord;
Whose constant care my life supplies,
With blessings richly stored.

The following, I believe confessedly difficult Psalm
to render, was written two years later—1825.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 By the rivers of Babylon, captive, we mourned,
And wept the hours away;
Yea, we wept as our fond remembrance turned
To Zion far away.

2 On the willows that bent o'er that alien tide,
 Our silent harps we hung;
 For, revilingly there, in their pitiless pride,
 Our captors asked a song.

3 Yea! the spoilers that laid us in woe and disgrace,
 Required the mirthful smile,
 Saying,—‘Sing us now one of those joyous lays
 That Zion heard erewhile.’

4 How, alas! should we sing the sweet song of the Lord,
 In this, a stranger's land?
 Thee, Jerusalem, failing my thoughts to record,
 Her skill forget my hand!

5 If I cease to remember thee, then let my tongue
 Dumb to my palate cleave!
 If for thee, oh, my Lord! the best joys that are sung,
 I haste not all to leave!

6 Mind thee, Lord! of the children of Edom who said,
 When came Jerusalem's woe,—
 ‘Raze it! raze it! yea, dig to its deepest bed,
 And lay its glory low.’

7 Oh! thou daughter of Babylon! soon to be spoiled,
 Blest who shall *thee* reward,
 And heap woes till each woe on thyself be recoiled,
 Which thou on us hast poured.

8 Happy he who shall tear the loved child from thine
 With fierce and vengeful shock, [eyes,
 And dash it, relentless and deaf to thy cries,
 Against the blood stained rock!



Marriage Hymns.



MARRIAGE HYMNS.

1838.

I. C. M.

Lord! Thou art ONE, and *therefore* "Love!"
 Centre! where all agree
 Of things around, below, above,—
 All Being summed in Thee!

Love's truest joys Thou bidst us share,
 And hearts to love are given,
 That every human soul may bear
 The stamp of God and heaven.

Therefore descends Thy blissful smile
 On bonds of *Truth* alone,
 Since union formed or held in guile,
 Were bond to *Love* unknown.

Thou God of Truth and Source of Love!
 Bind Thou the sacred cord;
 So heart shall join with heart to prove
This union of the Lord!

II. L. M.

Blest spirits in the world of light,
 With seraph fire and angel might,

Cry 'Holy!' 'mid their songs of peace,
And, crying 'Holy!' taste new bliss.

So, Lord of light and love! we raise
Our song, and mingle awe with praise,
So lift our gladdened hearts to Thee,
That all *our* joy may holy be.

Sustainer Thou of life and love!
Thrice happy may this union prove,
By mutual troth—by lives thine own—
By hearts in all good purpose *one*!

So shall it truly emblem be
Of love between Thy church and Thee;
And so Thy praise shall be exprest
By each true heart, each hallow'd breast.

III. L. M.

A kindly voice enjoins—'Be one;
It is not good to be alone.'—
And this kind voice is voice of heaven,
When heart to heart is truly given.

Lord, be it so! here ratify
The union formed by earthly tie:
This covenant of human love
Be witnessed and approved above!

Thou saidst—‘ Be one’—that there might be
New strength to serve and honour Thee;
And nature join in sweet accord
To do the pleasure of the Lord.

Confirm Thy will—let *these* be one
In all wherein Thy will is done—
In heart—that love may brightly glow;
In thought—that love may freely flow.

In all that bids the soul aspire,
In all the pure may well desire,
In trials suffered, triumphs won,
In joy or sorrow, make them *one*!

So, heirs together, hand in hand,
With steadfast face to Canaan’s land,
Thy servants life and lot shall share,
Till gained the “ better country ” there !

A VISIT TO THE PLANET MARS.

THE CIRCUIT OF HEAVEN.

TRUTH.



A VISIT TO THE PLANET MARS.

1824.

WHILE the votaries of "science falsely so called," are often found indulging in speculations and hypotheses, which would be devoid of interest to a well-regulated mind, even if they were plausibly supported, there are other persons, scarcely more judicious, who oppose almost every exercise of the imaginative faculty. The former invoke our admiration of a theory which excites immediate contempt by its obvious inutility; and the latter fastidiously turn away from everything which is not *plain* fact, however pleasing in its details, or instructive in the lessons it conveys; thus resembling the man who should regard the rainbow as a blemish in the heavens, because its substance is impalpable, and its colours but a vision of light. In the sternness of their zeal for *plain* truth, they would exclude from her service some of the ablest partisans she has. They would not speak irreverently of the beautiful similitudes and parabolical instructions of holy writ; but, with an inconsistency altogether at variance with their reverence for these, they decry, as false friends, any who would

offer the inventions of a bold imagination in illustration of the statements of truth, let the similitude be ever so just, and the representation ever so attractive.


“Great is truth,” it is said, “and will prevail,”—and it is time she had prevailed over the prejudice of many who think that her cause cannot be aided by the efforts of imagination. Let her judicious friends be always on the alert, impartially characterizing all the offerings of her votaries; but let them not reject the flower that would decorate, because its parent soil produces also many weeds that would deform.

It would serve to abate the pride of intellect, if men would consider not only how little they know of many things of which they yet *do* know *something*, but how little they know how many things there are of which they know *nothing*. For aught we can say, there may be myriads of worlds quite different from this, and innumerable intelligences, of whose natures and habits we have no conception.

If, by dwelling upon such a thought, an undue estimate of human importance be in any instance corrected, Fancy will not have indulged herself in vain.

Imagination carried me to the planet Mars, where I found inhabitants, who had bodily forms, but not like our's; and language, but not like any language spoken

on earth. They had all the senses and faculties possessed by the human race; but they had also senses and faculties to which *we* are strangers. They were social and communicative, and exercised their corporeal and intellectual powers in pursuit of objects calculated to promote the satisfaction of both. They built houses, but they were new to me, both in the form of their construction and their materials. The produce of their planet was various; and, by their philosophers, (for they had such) minutely explored; but it was totally dissimilar from any of the products of earth. Myriads of inferior, living tribes, distinguishable as majestic, agile, beautiful, or gay, ranged their fields, or floated, self-sustained, above. Trees were unknown, nor did I see a drop of water; but there were scenes which excited in the inhabitants all the enthusiasm inspired by the loveliest displays of nature upon earth. Resorts of melody enchanting as our vernal groves, and sources of refreshment, romantic and as pure as our mountain streams, were numerous. It is true, no verdant green arrayed their plains, nor blue their skies; but an appearance, of which I cannot convey any notion, as none of my readers have senses adapted to the apprehension of it, clad their scenery and made it lovely. Their atmosphere was exquisitely clear and brilliant, and their skies were of a delicately splendid hue, exceeding far in



beauty, yet capable of illustration by the fine, clear, rubeous tint with which our earthly skies are sometimes invested by the setting sun. Although not fully qualified either to enjoy, or to *perceive* all the media of delight in this, to me, new world, I felt it to be a region superior to earth; but my predilection for our meaner planet encouraged emotions of jealousy, and prejudice almost stifled the conviction of my senses. "These creatures," said I, "may be happy, and may be innocent, but their happiness and their innocence are the consorts of ignorance. Superior to the brute creation they evidently are, but, unlike man, they are man's inferiors, for man was created *in the image of God*."

As I reflected thus, I suddenly came upon a collected multitude of the people; and having hitherto only seen them actively engaged, I was now surprised to observe that a solemn stillness prevailed amongst them, save that I heard, as it were, celestial breathings ascending, with all the softness, without the sadness, of human sighs, to heaven. There was nothing, such as earthly faces might exhibit, to indicate the nature of their engagement; but, impressed on each there *was* the plain token of sublime adoration. How did I long to ascertain the object of their adoration! but my anxiety was not unmixed with a suspicion, (shrinking, it is true, before the celestial aspect of the devotees) that their worship

was idolatrous. Nor did my heart entirely exclude an unholier feeling, even that which almost amounted to a wish that these worshippers might be found less elevated than the species to which I myself belonged.— Wretched heart of mine! It was not till a sudden recollection of the mercies, undeserved and infinite, which I had received, pressed upon me, and touched the chord of gratitude, that I arose above my prejudices, to wish my heavenly Father had a worshipper in every creature of His universe. And, then, just in that moment of thankfulness, as it were in unison with my own feelings, the multitude addressed their voice to heaven audibly.— There was, however, no confession of infirmity, or sin; no pleading of a Saviour's merits for acceptance; no gratitude for a slain Redeemer's love expressed; but there was adoration pure and holy; there was acknowledgment of goodness experienced, though not of goodness forfeited; avowals of absolute dependance, and expressions of perfect homage, fervent love, and entire trust. There was no lament for glories lost, but there were loud thanksgivings for bliss possessed:—and the Object to whom they bowed was, I found, the God I also worshipped, though in strains far less exalted, and with emotions far less purified from gross admixture.

I listened till the sacred service terminated, and *then* how different were the sentiments which occupied my

soul, from those I had entertained before I witnessed it! “No longer will I boast,” said I, “of wearing the image of God, merely because I wear the image of man; since there are far holier beings than mankind, I see, who walk not in man’s image, but yet are created after the image of Him who created them, in righteousness and true holiness; and in *this* glorious image alone will I delight, and in *this* desire to be always found. And thou, beautiful Planet! falsely associated in the mind of man with thoughts of war, henceforth, instead of the glare of fury and the dye of blood, my fancy will invest thee with the blush of beauty, and the glow of seraphic love!”

“THE CIRCUIT OF HEAVEN.”

“He walketh in the circuit of heaven.” “The Lord looketh from heaven, and beholdeth all the sons of men; from the place of His habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.” “He sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers.”

UNDER more than ordinary impressions of the goodness of God, arising, perhaps, from more than ordinary perceptions of my own unworthiness, my thoughts had been occupied in contemplating the DIVINE CONDESCENSION. If the word of God be true, I said, and undoubtedly it is so, what a wondrous display does it unfold of Majesty raising the degraded; of Opulence befriending the indigent; of Benevolence soothing the wretched;—the *degraded*, rebels against that Majesty; the *indigent*, wanderers from that Opulence; the *wretched*, antecedently, contemners of that Benevolence! In meditation I pursued the theme, until, (beguiled in slumber,) amidst the formerly degraded, the recently indigent, the previously wretched, methought I saw and heard unutterable things amongst the everlastingly exalted, the unchangeably enriched, and the

unalterably happy in heaven. And now an angel's tongue, yea, an archangel's song, were needed to convey to mortal understanding an impression at all commensurate with the glowing passion of my soul, of that ineffable, yet awed delight, with which I mingled in the praises of the Eternal, and joined the choir of seraphim. It was "with the understanding *also*," now that I lifted up my voice in adoration, and exclaimed, "Thou, Oh Lord! art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth; who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage! Thou retainest not thine anger for ever, because thou delightest in mercy; verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily thou art a God that judgest in the earth! And now, oh Lord! thou hast shown me the path of life, and thy word for ever is *settled* in heaven!"

Anxious in this spiritual world to try a spirit's powers, methought I flew amidst, along, and past the angelic hosts, until, like some adventurous bird, I had left the most excursive cherub far behind me, and winged my trackless course alone. *Alone!* ah! even *then* and *there*, I thought *it was not good to be alone!* I had left the concourse of the blessed, and though the region seemed all fair before me, its unpeopled solitude

suggested the idea of danger; perhaps I was approaching the confines of some less happy clime; and, as on earth, so in heaven, extremes might be unsafe, and *therefore* these bright regions might be thus unpeopled. Yet, pervaded as I was by a feeling not quite compatible with a state of unassailable security, and befitting the realms of imperturbable peace, I could not stay my flight; something still impelled me onward, till I shrunk appalled by the consciousness that heaven had its limits; that I had reached its barrier—nihility! Beyond was that dread vacuity, into which, so it seemed, if I should venture, annihilation to my being, or some unimaginable horror would ensue. “Wiser and happier spirits,” I thought, “who have never subjected their bliss to the marring influence of these dreary precincts of vacuity! Perhaps it was in impious bravery of this dread barrier, that Lucifer, son of the morning, and his legions fell, and fell for ever!” I hovered, with unutterable interest, over the line that interdicted further progress; the line which it was the prerogative of ONE alone to traverse unappalled; for it was the line that marked “the Circuit of Heaven.”

Oh! could I but see from this vast altitude, I thought, the world from which I sprang, then should I gain some new conception of His benign sublimity, who, though He is high, and dwelleth in the heavens, yet hath re-

spect unto the lowly, and regardeth the inhabitants of the earth. The curiosity that could not be denied prevailed, and this redeeming thought emboldened my approach. I stretched my ardent gaze beyond the limit;—it was but a dream, but it was a glorious dream. The universe was all disclosed; the vast interminable universe of God. It was not the splendid spectacle of midnight glory, each shining orb apparent only through surrounding darkness, and veiled from human scrutiny by its own dazzling vestiture of light; but, surpassing all in grandeur that man ever witnessed of starry splendour, or imagination ever pictured of its vast profusion; a cloudless vision of definite, distinct, harmonious beauty, in more than mid-day clearness. The million spheres, the million systems rather, hanging “upon nothing,” all lay obvious, each in its proper aspect, colours, properties, and contour; the belted and the annulated orbs, revealed with all their mysteries, and, in fine, the endless series of celestial phenomena unveiled, and marshalled forth in beautiful and orderly array. Talk they of the music of the spheres! What was it *then* that rapt my spirit? Music? though it expresses all that human thought conceives of what is grand, and ravishing, and soul-inspiring; ’tis a term too feeble;—’twas harmony imbibed, absorbed, indentifying itself with my very being, comprising and con-

centrating all intellectual joys;—a confluence of wonder, admiration, and delight! But it was an elevating and ennobling rapture; an ecstasy that quickened the perceptions, instead of rendering them obtuse. Directing a spirit's gaze which knew no cloud, and met with no impediment, I sought my native earth, and soon recognised it immeasurably distant in the depths of space. What philosophy had taught, but rather taught than justly imagined of its comparative insignificance, I now beheld. There it rolled,—less, in relation to other worlds, than one of its own pebbles to itself; but yet, though so comparatively diminutive, apparent in all its real and abstract magnitude, it presented a spectacle worthy to attract a glance from heaven. But while its magnitude was seen undiminished by its distance, the several parts of its superficies appeared in their due proportions.—And what, then, in the calculation, became of its heaven-scaling mountains and its yawning deeps? its inland seas and mighty rivers? its arid plains and waving forests? its dread volcanoes and its icy poles? Mere specks and streaks, they seemed, of decoration enamelled, or ingemmed upon the sphere to give it beauty—a wondrous orb of varied garniture, its more than half-encircling ocean, like a richly-jewelled scarf, and its snow-crowned mountains, glittering in the sun like embossments of precious stones. But where was

man? He too appeared in all his multitudes, as the sand upon the sea-shore innumerable, it is true, but almost as the sand indistinguishable amid the vaster objects of the surface that he trod. Yet it was for man, I knew, the world was made. The splendid world was but his theatre, and himself, the actor, was the object of deepest interest. I saw him in all his varieties of clime and country, savage and polite; in all his pursuits of business and of pleasure, of tumult and of toil.—Insectile in all, the busy myriads and the rambling hordes, the slaves of labour and the sons of war, they bore less proportion to the place of their heritage, than the active bustlers of an ant-hill do to their's. I remembered that man was immortal; I read his soul from that high eminence, and saw that few of all his throng were careful for anything beyond the life that I witnessed, every moment, “as a vapour,” passing away.—‘Yet these are the creatures,’ I reflected, ‘on whom the divine benignity condescends to smile; yes! for whom He even stooped to weep. And still, except the few, instructed by His grace themselves, and urged by the same commanding principle, to carry on his purposes of love amongst their fellow men, they meanly grovel on in busy recklessness and careful thoughtlessness, busy and careful for every but the *one thing needful*.’ The condescension of God and the ingratitude of

man, overwhelmed me, and I burst into the exclamation, "Behold, even to the moon, and it shineth not; yea! the stars are not pure in His sight; how much less man that is a worm, and the Son of Man which is a worm!" It was not a spirit's voice; the charm was broken; I awoke, a mortal still, but with the hope of immortality enlivened by my sleeping vision of the brighter world; and with enlarged conceptions of His amazing love, who, though "He walketh in the circuit of heaven," yet, "from the place of His habitation, looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth"—the Monarch of immensity, "who sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers!"

TRUTH.

I saw a lovely creature, she seemed to me an angel, speeding her course. Her gait was graceful yet resolved. Earnestness was in her eye; benevolence upon her brow. She was on an errand: it must be one of good. I saw her rudely stayed. I asked her obstructor why he stayed her. He said, 'I have well-

done; her name is TRUTH. I stopped her because I feared she would go too far, as, assuredly, she was going too fast.' 'Nay!' I answered, 'her errand being good, she could not have gone too far, unless she had over-past the point of her destination,—nor too fast, unless a good deed can be done too soon.' And I looked at TRUTH, and I saw that she was downcast, and I knew that some worthy act was hindered, some noble purpose thwarted; I saw that there had been done *a wrong*. But the expression of her countenance re-assured me. There was indeed depression, but there was no debasement, no despondency. Her eye still bent forward, and its glance convinced me that her course was but impeded, and should soon be resumed with accelerated steps! Her face was set towards the land of Mercy. God speed thee Truth! was the wish of my heart and the prayer from my lips; and again her march was onward: and presently I heard, or else it was anticipation whispered, "Mercy and Truth have met together!"









